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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First, King of England. By I. D'Israeli. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

WITHOUT pretending to the graver claims of the national historian, for how many volumes of instructive and agreeable literature are we indebted to the pen of Mr. D'Israeli! The present is, in our opinion, another delightful book, added to the former productions of this esteemed writer;* full, not merely of his usual pleasant gossip of the olden time, but of curious personal and political history. Indeed, much of the course of his previous inquiries had eminently qualified Mr. D'I. for such a work as this; and without wasting words on the subject, we shall allow him to shew cause for himself in this notice which a hasty perusal enables us to devote to his two interesting volumes.

Rushworth (whom he proves to have been in some statements better affected to the Parliament than to the development of the whole truth), Rapin, Dr. W. Harris, Hume, and other authorities, are largely referred to in these Commentaries; while later writers are handled with considerable severity, especially Mrs. Macaulay and Mr. Brodie. Lingard and Hallam get a rap or two; though to both the author does as much justice as might be expected from a literary *cavalier*, not at all in love with Roman Catholics, or Puritans, or Republicans, or Presbyterians, or Whigs, or Methodists; but, on the contrary, sedulously exposing the ambition, the plots, tricks, and pretensions, of all such adversaries. Of the writers mentioned last but two he says, "That female historian was a person of high passions, which were displayed in the extravagant incidents of her life; but a masculine genius invigorated her historical compositions; and her levelling reveries, which at the time had the delusion of novelty, and perhaps her sex, created about her a party of political enthusiasts. She beheld a statue raised to herself, but she lived to see it pulled down for ever; and her unquoted name has long been deserted by every historical writer. Mr. Brodie's recent work is devoted to the degradation of the character of Charles I.; and, like a voluminous counsellor's brief, is a clumsy accumulation of *ex parte* evidence. The most tyrannical motives are assigned to Charles's conduct; the meanest notions are given of his capacity; and endless misrepresentations, unfounded surmises, and extravagant inferences, are industriously worked into the dark narrative. But the historian cannot boast of the skill of the executioner of Charles, who at least performed his evil task with the dexterity of a master. With such warmth and such bitterness, one might have expected at least an animated narrative; yet, such as it is, it may still be accepted as authentic history, should there still remain some Rumpers of that secret society of which we used to hear something in our youth; and in that case, we would hail Mr. Brodie as the historiographer of 'The Calves'-head Club!'"

Turning to the recent literature of France, Mr. D'Israeli adds: "Some years have passed since I observed that 'the French Revolution is the commentary of the English.' Monsieur Guizot, in his recent 'Histoire de la Revolution d'Angleterre,' has more happily expressed my idea, and conveyed a new truth. "Such, in a word, is the analogy of the two revolutions, that the first could never have been perfectly understood had not the second burst forth.' It is, indeed, among the most extraordinary instances of the great change operating in the national character of France, that Monsieur Guizot has been enabled, by the sole patronage of public opinion, to complete a collection of original memoirs of the times of Charles the First, and that the curiosity of his readers was not overcome by the twenty-fifth volume; a collection of our own history which,—shall we record it to our shame?—we possess not! It is another circumstance, almost as remarkable, that several French writers have recently composed the history of this period. The history of Cromwell has furnished an elaborate subject to Monsieur Villemain; and a voluminous drama to a Monsieur Victor Hugo; while Monsieur Mazure, in his History of the English Revolution under William the Third, by his admission to the state-paper office of France, has even added to the original stores of English history. But will these ingenious and animated French writers pardon me, when I assert that French historians must ever remain incompetent to the task of writing on the critical and impassioned times of our Charles the First; for them it is a difficulty as insurmountable as the idiom of Shakspeare. It is not by following closely the great authorities of our history, as Clarendon, Whitelocke, and Rushworth, that Frenchmen can acquire the intimate knowledge, and catch the sympathy of an English writer. Researches, which must escape the notice of him who is not a native; shades of truth, which may colour the style of a writer; secret history, which corrects so many errors of the individual, and so many prejudices of the populace,—even the character and situation of the writer of a volume, or of a letter, which may be as necessary as any information they may contain—all this minuter knowledge in the trepidations of the scales of research will be found to have more weight than size. The results of a sagacious historian are as much the work of delicacy as of labour. In the present state of historical inquiry, when all the prominent events of history are familiar to us, these alone can create that critical spirit which searches into the obscure, strikes out novelty from the old, and fixes in certitude what before floated in conjecture and doubt."†

The volumes now before us consist of the history of the king, from his boyhood till after the death of Buckingham, and the dissolution of the third parliament,‡ embracing, of course, all the remarkable political events of the period, but interspersed with separate essays on points suggested by them, which form the chief novelty and charm of the publication.

Of Charles, among many acute estimates of character, the following is the author's opinion at the beginning,—an opinion which he labours to establish throughout, and with no small share of success:—

"The characteristic of the mind of Charles the First was that inflexible firmness to which we attach the idea of strength of character. Constancy of purpose, perseverance to obtain it, and fortitude to suffer for it,—this is the beautiful unity of a strong character. We should, however, observe, that this strength of character is not necessarily associated with the most comprehensive understanding, any more than the most comprehensive understanding is necessarily supported by this moral force. Hence, the stronger the character of the man, the stronger may be its errors, and thus its very strength may become its greatest infirmity. In speculating upon the life of Charles the First, through all the stages of his varied existence, from the throne to the scaffold, we may discover the same intellectual and moral being. Humiliated by fortune beneath

* The Curiosities of Literature, two series; the Literary Character; the Calamities of Authors; the Quarrels of Authors; Inquiry into the Character of James I.; Literary Miscellanies; Dissertation on Anecdotes; and Romances—in all, sixteen volumes.

† There is a curious note here upon the subject of foreign writers:—"The reader (says Mr. D'I.) will not fail to observe, that the *Mercure Francois* is frequently quoted in these volumes as authority. Some years have elapsed since, struck by the curious and important information which was constantly afforded by this journal, I observed that 'the ancient *Mercure Francois* is a sort of official annual register of the times, and contains a good deal of our own secret history, which I have found, to my surprise, so accurate, that I am convinced it must have come from a well-informed correspondent in England. It is, perhaps, singular enough that I have found, in two or three instances, circumstances and conversations in this *Mercure* which I have myself drawn from contemporary manuscripts, and which had never been printed in any English work.' Since these observations were made, I have discovered a fact apparently unknown even to the French bibliographers; viz. that Cardinal Richelieu was a frequent correspondent of this journal; and that even the king himself, Louis the Thirteenth, often contributed to its columns. Many articles in the royal hand-writing and corrected by the royal hand, are still in existence. With regard to the cardinal, the style and the hand of the great minister are easily to be recognised. Besides exercising a constant supervision over the *Mercure*, and himself waging the war of words whenever the contest was important, Richelieu furnished treaties of alliances, capitulations, narratives of battles and sieges, written by the commanders, and the despatches of ambassadors whenever they contained any facts which he desired should be known to Europe. Many of these articles are found in the manuscripts of De Bethune."

‡ "It is," Mr. D'I. tells us, "my intention to pursue the system of investigation commenced in these volumes throughout the whole of the life and reign of Charles the First; and it is my fervent hope that this intention will be fulfilled. Great subjects are before me—and long meditated! But there are many causes which make this result uncertain: nor, do I offer the present volumes as an imperfect work, since a continuation is uncertain, and since they complete an important period in the life of this monarch. With regard to my authorities, I have not chosen to cover the margins with perpetual references for facts with which few readers are unacquainted, and to books too well known to require a transcription of their titles. Whenever my narrative or my opinions are founded on manuscript information, I have scrupulously registered the authorities. During the many years in which this period has attracted my study, I have, at various times, examined a variety of unpublished diaries and a vast mass of unpublished correspondence connected with it."

the humblest of his people, the king himself remained unchanged; and whether we come to reproach or to sympathise, something of pity and terror must blend with the story of a noble mind wrestling with unconquerable fate. * * * It was fated that England should be the theatre of the first of a series of revolutions which is not yet finished. * *

"The more delightful arts he pursued with intense pleasure; for this monarch was not only a lover of art, but could himself have aspired to the honours of an artist. These, however, had not absorbed his studies. The library of St. James's, before the civil wars, contained a manuscript volume, which Charles in his youth had presented to his father, consisting of his literary collections and other epitomes, the fruits of juvenile studies. But these philosophical and ingenious pursuits have been barbarously censured as mean and trivial in a monarch. The arts and sciences were considered by the rigid puritanic politicians merely as sources of emolument for the mechanics who professed them. The intellectual part of these studies — the meditation, and the elegance and the knowledge which discipline the mind in the progress of invention, had never rectified their crude principles, softened their harsh tempers, or illumined their dark minds. These studies, not unworthy of a sovereign, would have reflected his tastes among a people whose fanaticism had so long persecuted the finer arts; and our nation would not have suffered the reproach of foreign critics, who, ignorant of our history, ventured to assign the natural causes which, as they imagined, incapacitated us from excelling in the practice of the arts of imagination and sensibility. Charles the First, had it been his happiness to have reigned in peace, would have anticipated by a century the glory of English art."

On the temper in which historical research ought to be conducted, we think the following very pertinent:—

"To transform our forefathers into ourselves, is to lose all likeness of the originals; and to throw into the back ages the notions of our own times has often been a source as fertile of errors in our history, as the passions of parties have been of more unjust misrepresentations. The true historian is a contemporary of the past."

On no portion of his theme does Mr. D'I. throw more light than upon that much-controverted point "the Spanish match;" but the secret history of the French match is also illuminated by new facts. The latter introduces the Roman Catholics, and we are referred back to the age of Elizabeth.

"So obscure, so cautious, and so undetermined, were the first steps to withdraw from the ancient papistical customs, that Elizabeth would not forgive a bishop for marrying; and auricular confession, however condemned as a point of popery, was still adhered to by many. Bishop Andrews would loiter in the aisles of Paul's to afford his spiritual comfort to the unburdeners of their conscience."*

But we have perhaps derived most data for reasoning upon, from four of the concluding chapters — a character of the Duke of Buckingham, leading to some curious remarks on royal favourites; observations on the patriots of this period; and an investigation of the origin of the anti-monarchical principle in modern Europe. As our readers, however, are aware that we eschew the evil of politics, we must illustrate these parts rather by extracts of rare matters, than by opinions and arguments.

"The fate of the Duke of Buckingham enters into the history of royal favourites; but histories of royal favourites consist only of satires and invectives, or, if they aspire to the dignity of a narrative, present but a shapeless mass, put together by those who collect every thing, and discern nothing. The subject, however, forms a chapter in the history of man, and political sagacity may yet unravel some truths out of the complicated knots and twistings of prejudice and passion. We perpetually find accounts of royal favourites; and it is sufficient to have been one, to incur the condemnation of historians, too apt to echo the cries of the past. Those monsters, or ministers, are sometimes exhibited as remorseless criminals, or wretches dissolved in wanton corruption. It is difficult to conceive how kings can be so insensible to their own interests, as voluntarily to choose such inept beings for favourites; but we are still more surprised when we discover the activity of these men, who having obtained all things by favouritism, without a solitary talent or an obscure virtue, still, like other men who have a name to create, and a career of glory to run, pursue life agitated by the same hopes, and mindful of the same labours. How did it happen that the dissolute or the trifler quitted the bed of roses on which he slumbered? The favourite who fills a space in history, who was the object of contemporary hatreds, and who still furnishes the declaimer with invectives, however his enterprises may have succeeded, or may have failed, is a distinct personage from the minion of caprice, who remains buried in his own inglorious obscurity. Attached to the household, the name of the latter personage rarely appears, his actions never. We may therefore suspect, whenever we discover any one of these royal favourites prominent in history, that his spirit was of another cast than it appears in this disguise of favouritism, and that he aimed at being something more than a royal favourite. * * *

"A royal favourite, whatever he may be, has the two great divisions of mankind arrayed in hostility against him: the great, into which class he has been obtruded; and the obscure, which he has for ever abandoned — and still his most formidable enemy has usually been found in himself. Many have been torn to pieces by the triumphant people; for whether the unhappy man be a Sejanus, a Marshal d'Ancre, or the Pensionary De Witt, the populace in every age, agitated by the same hatred of the abuses of power, imagine that they are satiating their vengeance in the single state-victim which has been cast out to them. We may, however, be struck by this curious fact, that there is hardly one of these renowned favourites but has found an unimpassioned apologist; and on a calmer investigation than their contemporaries were capable of exercising, they have been considerably exculpated from the errors or the crimes imputed to them; and some better designs have been manifested in these contemned men than the passions of their enemies could discover. * * *

"In our political history, we observe the alarm spread by party against the Hyde family and the Bute ministry."†

In Spain, when the famous Duke of Lerma was overthrown, "all the Lermates disappeared in a few days. At the fall of the Duke of Lerma, which occasioned so many removals from office, our James the First, expressing his astonishment, inquired the cause of his facetious friend Gondomar. That Cervantic Spaniard replied, by applying an apologue with his usual poignancy. To illustrate the fall of the duke and his creatures, he told, how once two rats, having entered a palace, were delighted at the spacious apartments and the frequent banquets. They whisked about unmolested, every day seemed a festival, and they at last concluded that the palace was built for them. Their presence was not even suspected. But, grown bolder by custom, they called in shoals of rats and ratlings, and each filled his appointment. Some were at the larder, some in the dining-room, some here, and some there. The little rapacious creatures were a race of lascivious livers; they dipped their whiskers in every dish, and nibbled at the choicest morsels. Not a department but had its rat. The people in the palace began now to cry out, that there were rats without number; and having once made up their minds as to the fact, they laid traps for them, here and there, and cast ratsbane up and down the palace."

To be concluded in our next.

The Continental Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Foreign Locomotion. By Dr. Abraham Eldon. Edited by his Nephew. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

We very briefly adverted to this publication last week, and spoke its character in a few words, promising to illustrate its caustic remarks by extracts in our present No. Since then, it has been whispered to us, that the apocryphal Rev. Dr. Eldon and his editorial nephew are, as we fancied, one and the same person; and that Mr. Wise, the husband of Lucien Buonaparte's daughter, is the original of both. This justifies the accuracy of our supposition, that the writer was a person who had seen much of the world at home and abroad — from Wexford to Middlesex, and from London to Rome and Naples. This we notice as a hint to shew that we are very sagacious critics, and can have a sly jest as well as the author, to whose work we now address ourselves.

Some of its leading features are, 1. That it is not always easy to distinguish whether the writer is in jest or in earnest; and this makes his book far better as a gossipping companion than as a *Traveller's Oracle*, according to its title. 2. That in his lightness he occasionally verges on what the more serious portion of mankind would call profaneness; and that his allusions also sometimes border on the indecent. We do not mean to stigmatise these lapses as being very offensive; and should, perhaps, strictly speaking, employ the words irreverent and indecorous for profaneness and indecency; but we should not faithfully discharge our public duty were we not to indicate their existence. 3. Though generally successful in his hits, which renders the work, as a whole, one of

* "This last remains of popery may still be traced among us; for since the days of our Eighth Henry, the place of confessor to the royal household has never been abolished. I am told that it is no sinecure. A respectable clergyman retains the obsolete designation."

† "The bitterness of the wit of a lampoon on Lord Clarendon, which I recovered from its manuscript state, will shew how a political family is treated by their contemporaries. It turns on the family name of the Clarendons.

When Queen Dido landed, she bought as much ground
As the *Hyde* of a lusty fat bull would surround;
But when the said *Hyde* was cut into thongs,
A city and kingdom to *Hyde* belongs:
So here in court, church, and country, far and wide,
Here's nought to be seen but *Hyde! Hyde! Hyde!*
Of old, and where law the kingdom divides,
'Twas our *Hydes of Land*, 'tis now *Land of Hydes!*"

"The caricatures relative to Lord Bute's favouritism and Scottish patronage have been collected into volumes."

great entertainment, there are now and then failures, which are evidence that the attempt to be witty, and to say smart and piquant things, has never been absent from the writer's mind. Thus he would rather be caustic than strictly just; a defect in an *Oracle*, though perhaps a merit in a performance intended to entertain the world. 4. A vein of constant ridicule of English superiority and assumption of superiority runs through these volumes: a fair and legitimate subject for the satirical observer. Our "*mi-lordism*," indeed, cannot be too much quizzed; and we heartily wish that any quizzing could cure it. 5. In common with the foregoing qualities, a fund of acute remark and excellent advice, and hints without number, which may be very serviceable to continental travellers, are contained in these small tomes; and the playful application of many classical and other quotations, sheds a large degree of spirit and humour over their other lively and amusing ingredients. Now to the proofs of these dicta;—though not in regular order, they will go to demonstration. The book consists of a preface, some account of the author himself (107 pages), and three parts, devoted to the preparation before setting out,—the performance when out,—and the result, or how to employ what hath been done, when out. Of travelling, the learned Doctor avers, as a foundation for his treatise—"that the real purport and practice have been misunderstood, and the art, as an art, most singularly neglected. There is no rule laid down to make it either a pleasure or an economy; and every young raw twaddle-dee of a schoolboy or half-pay officer who comes out, runs thus up and down, knocking his head against a thousand errors, and going back with as meagre a face and purse as if all this time he had starved respectably at Brighton or London. I have made what use I could of thirty-five years of Vetturino travelling, and have had the advantage of sleeping on the same beds, and eating out of the same trenchers, through bad and good report, in all seasons, once or twice, at least, in every year of that entire time. I should wrong the bounteous dispensations of Providence—which gives us talents not to be put up under lock and key, like potted jam in the corner of a room, and shew a certain churlishness in return for its favours—did I not do all which lies within my power, for the perpetual improvement and bonnification of travelling. There are a thousand little secrets known only to the inquisitive and the endurer; and though I have no sinister hope of a patent, I think that a little of that favour, which of late years seems to have been lavished upon gas, Mechanics' Institutes, and what not, should be extended to improvements, or suggestions thereof, in matters of intellect,—discoveries which, if well managed, may in process of time turn out to mind, what gas has turned out to body. It is in this view I write—but '*Verbum sapienti sat*,' and I have paid, by my concision, that compliment to my reader. And if indeed I shall have saved a single penny in the richest purse, or tended to have given one flower more to the multifarious wreath which the traveller weaveth from inn to inn—I shall have done what I could; I shall have done my duty,—nor altogether have lived like the servants and rowers of Ulysses, but left some traces behind me of my existence, in the curses of innkeepers and the benedictions of travellers. I have lived but for this; and when I shall have seen it even partially effected, then may I depart in peace, and lay down my head quietly to die. I left Paris, a great town, with a little-minded people; filled with painted dolls, insolent soldiers, noise, dirt, and hatred of the English; and glancing at Switzerland and its goats and mountains, entered Italy by the Mont Simplon. It is now, I am told, a somewhat better road; if, indeed, like all new-fangled improvements, it is destined to last: money extorted can never come to good, and we all know how the Corsican paid his men. It is one thing to build from your own purse, and another from the purse of others; nothing more easy than to put your name upon the works of your neighbour. I arrived at Milan late one stormy evening, and saw it in a day. It looked fat, flourishing (this I say without offence to the general, Austrian or other, who may now govern it), and a place where a man might find good pavements, large churches, puppet-shows, chit-chat, and a proper sense of order and obedience. I shall say nothing of Turin, farther than to admire its garrison, its cocked hats, and its king, than whom there could not be a more respectable tutor-looking personage to govern a nation of little boys. There was less anxiety then than now about the university; but I foresaw there would be a barring out, by way of resolution, some day or other. Genoa I did not see; reserving it, as I still do, for a future visit. Of Florence I shall say nothing now: it is sufficient I have chosen it for my residence,—a choice which speaks volumes, and in itself is a sort of marriage. Bologna is a town not altogether unworthy of its learning and sausages, though, after much inquiry, I could find neither of such a quality as to satisfy me. Through Sienna I passed for the first time blindfold, and came out, as I went in, in the dark. On my return, I had a better opportunity offered me, and seized it. The women are as soft and seductive, I am told, as their language and accent; and as kind and courteous as bashful travellers can desire them. It is a pic-nic town, got up from the good and bad of all times, and seems to have had its streets and by-ways much bewrayed by torrents, bad men, and earthquakes. The country about it is bald and bleached, and looks as if vegetation had been washed or burnt out by volcanoes, the French, or other devastators, perforce. I passed through Rome, biting my lips that I could not stay to see St. Peter's, the origin of Protestantism; and hurried on, as fast as lame horses, and the fear of brigands, could carry me, to Naples. The Campagna struck me as an *argumentum-ad-hominem* evidence of the abominations of the church of Rome. Not a weed that grows there, but has been sown by some erroneous dogma. It is quite clear, agriculture can never flourish as long as they believe in transubstantiation, and that we never should have heard of the malaria under a Protestant church-by-law-established religion and priesthood."

This lengthened extract is a fair example of the author's style and manner. He proceeds:

"Naples delighted me exceedingly. I had got nearer to the sun, and basked away day after day. Living was like breathing; I never felt the burden so lightly, or felt less inclination to go to heaven. The sky is made expressly for a man who has no business at home; and the earth teems with such abundance, that you may roll about in it like a wild colt, without the least fatigue, the whole year long. I ate, drank, despised my gout, and promised myself an eternity of days, each, as the Italian saith, still happier than the other. * *

"On my way to Fondi, from some conversation I had with my companions, I perceived I had neglected seeing Pompeii, but this I do not so much regret: it is a shameful waste of money to attempt scraping and sweeping away the ashes from so miserable a village. One Italian palace, I have heard, is nearly as large as the entire market-place, and there is scarcely a church which would not swallow up the whole tribe of their temples. There is nothing, I must avow, which so completely sickeneth me as cant; and to pretend there is any thing wonderful, or out of the way, in an oven, or a baker's shop, or a poor cellar (which might be run dry in a night), because it is *ancient*, is, to say the best of it, but a most miserable affectation, worthy only of our black-letter gossips, and to be straightway banished from all modern travelling. Yet such is the force of habit and evil custom, you will see our daintiest dames putting their heads into every crevice, and conjecturing upon the use of every stone, when, without stepping out of their own land, especially if they be Irish, they may, any day in the year, meet ruined Citria, vestibules of ten feet, streets of twenty, and I know not what other marvels, with which every page of modern Recollections, Souvenirs, and Diaries, most inordinately abounds. With half the money expended in excavating this village, I would engage to build a most respectable market-town in any part of his Neapolitan majesty's dominions; and I cannot sufficiently commend the singular sagacity of that prince, who, to put an end to the abuse at once, or to perish in it, erected an expensive palace, of exactly the same size, immediately over Herculaneum. * *

"The winter had set in when I returned to Rome, and I was told by the first cicerone I met, that it was quite the season for sight-seeing. I remember hearing the same thing in October, and believed it. It is true, that the sun is hot, and the palaces damp; and for want of remembering the distinction, I soon caught a cold, which the doctors attempted to improve into a fever. I paid them off the second week, and disappointed them by rising. I had no great love for antiquities, as I have already mentioned, and would recommend gentlemen travellers, in general, to see these stones upon stones through the telescopes of other eyes; but soon finding it impracticable to appear in society without having seen my sights also, I learnt, in the order of their going, my catalogue of names; bought my modern antiques; ordered my mosaics; and invited and even dined my painter. This is grievous, if you will; but *corrigere est nefas*,—it is the shibboleth, without which no passing of the ford, no freedom of the corporation; without it you will travel, as you would in a balloon, and be put up, on your return home, with the trunks and bandboxes which had the good fortune to accompany you. All this then I did, and I think patiently, and *secundum artem*: no one laughed at me; and after a rehearsal of a few weeks, I was agreeably surprised to find myself making my mistake with as much decorum and authority, as if I had resided and talked ten entire years in the imperial city."

Leaving Rome, a magnificent sunset ushered our traveller to Bolsena, and he confesses (for this is the land of confessions)—"I scarcely ever remember a more delightful excursion, which was not a little heightened by the talkativeness and other attractive qualities of a young niece of the curate of San-Lorenzo, who was called suddenly, as she told me, to Florence, to receive the blessings of her dying aunt; and who did all she could to amuse and convert me (an excellent mode, by the by) during my journey."

In addition to these examples from the Introduction, we must now content ourselves

with some specimens of the *eighty-five* directions or oracles given in Part I.: for this is a publication so various, that we may break off and return to it *ad libitum*, as occasion suits.

"4. Children, destined by their parents to be travellers, should be thrown into a pail of ice the moment they are born, and then transferred for half an hour to the kitchen fire; they may have to swim across frozen rivers, and run a race in the torrid zone, more than once, before they die:—they should be often fed on bread and water, and sometimes not at all; in the deserts of Arabia there is seldom either:—they should be clad thinly; the brigands of Terracina frequently strip their victims:—they should know how to go naked on emergencies; tailors are not to be had in the wilderness. They may dislike this at the time, but they will thank their parents for it hereafter:—there was a reason for every branch of the regulation, and it was, besides, economical. Should their weakly constitutions sink under it, the parents ought not to have chosen this profession: the fault is with them, and not with my *dictum*. 5. Give the future traveller those books to read which stimulate most the natural curiosity; the more extravagant (truth can be had any where) the better. Munchausen is a good book, if he be intended for Germany. Carr will do for Holland, and, I believe, Ireland—(if any one travels there, now that he can travel any where else); Chateaubriand for Greece and the East; Eustace for Italy; Blayney, and the rest of the Fudge Family, for France; and as for Switzerland, I leave him to William Tell, Macready, and the Panoramas. 6. It is a false idea,—*experto crede*,—to teach a child the languages: lost time, words not things, much whipping, no less disgust; this is the harvest of those who sow the wind to reap the whirlwind, and do nothing but rear a cross child into a stubborn boy. A servant will perform the wonder which defied the pedagogue, in a single week. It is true, he will not teach reading—but a man may read to travel, but does not travel to read. Should he shew any genius that way, it cannot be helped. After a few days' chattering, add the vocabulary—Galignani's, if you like—if not, and you have no choice, my nephew's: I warrant you, he will never after want post-horses or a good dinner. As to the ladies,—a good person and a sweet smile speak every language. *Probatum est.* 7. But other accomplishments should not be neglected: smoking, for instance, which cannot be begun too soon. I would put a boy into the short-pipe at six, if possible; then get him at ten to the German, and to the Chibouque, and the Hookah, or Narghili (if intended for the *voyage outremer*), at twelve. The nicetles, for there is as much idiom in suffiation as in snuff-taking, can only be acquired in the country itself. All that can be done is to prevent him from getting a bad accent, a brogue;—by early care, the manner at least may be kept pure. Travelling itself must do the rest."

Here we must stop for the present; but intend returning to these amusing volumes.

On Water, and the Supply to the Metropolis. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1828. Rodwell.

THIS is a little treatise that well deserves perusal. The Report of the Commissioners appointed by the Crown to inquire into the supply of water to the metropolis, contains matter which proves the indispensable necessity of losing no time in seeking for the means of saving ourselves from being poisoned by the filthy and deleterious fluid at present poured into our cisterns.* There is no subject more important and more pressing; and every man who throws a light on the shortest and best way to the desired object is a public benefactor. The pamphlet under our notice is divided into two parts. The first part, a General Essay on Water, although curious, is of no moment as compared with the second part, which strongly recommends to those who value their health to endeavour to obtain a supply of the *pure soft* spring water which abounds in inexhaustible quantities under the blue clay of all the county of Middlesex and the adjacent counties, known by geologists as the London Basin; and allowed to be the purest of all waters, having no connexion or communication with the common springs or pumps. We transcribe the description, for the advantage of our readers.

"The general substratum, after in some places passing the gravel, is a bluish or black coloured clay, remarkable for its horizontal layers of argillaceous lime-stone, in flattened masses, crossed by veins of carbonate of lime, or sulphate of barytes: it also contains pyrites of amber, fossil, resin, selenite, and phosphate of iron; and an abundance of organic remains of animals and vegetable matter. This clay extends beneath the soil in Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, &c.: its depth varies from 80 to perhaps 800 feet. Its colour, to the depth of from three to ten, and sometimes twenty feet, is a brownish red: a few feet lower it assumes a bluish tint; at forty feet a lead colour; and becomes generally darker, until almost black. Beneath this stratum is a layer of shells, from two to three feet in thickness, resting upon a reddish loam; and then succeeds a compact bed of shells, from two to six feet in depth: this stratum is almost invariably found in the county of Middlesex;—but a fine white clay occurs in other places: we next arrive at a layer of small pebbles of various colours, for the most part free from earthy mixture, of from one to twenty feet in thickness; after which there is a bed of sand of considerable depth, and abounding in fine pure soft water. To this stratum succeeds one of chalk interspersed with flints, varying in depth; and since water has never been drawn below this, the geological observations may close here with an analysis of the water (so procured), by an eminent chemist. The hardness of river and shallow well water depends upon their containing calcareous salts, with carbonate and sulphate of lime:† this water is also subject to become putrid, on account of the vegetable or animal matter which it contains, and is generally turbid from the suspension of earthy impurity; and when drunk it is flat, from the absence of air. The water from the deep wells is preferable to the above for the following reasons: it contains only half the quantity of calcareous salts found in Thames and New River waters, and about one-sixteenth of the quantity existing in shallow well water, and is therefore less hard in these proportions, and more fit for domestic use. It contains no suspended earthy impurity, and the air which exists in it renders it more pleasant for drinking. It contains neither vegetable nor animal matter, and may therefore be long preserved without suffering putrefaction. There is nothing new in the discovery of this water: the only novelty would be to give a plentiful supply of it to London. Able engineers have for some years been employed in procuring it; who give their opinion, that an inexhaustible quantity is to be had. It may be true, that this water, in most places in Middlesex, lies too deep for an individual to be at the expense of obtaining it for his sole use. A company was endeavoured to be established a few years ago for this most desirable object; an act of parliament was applied for, and the following were five of the reasons offered to support that application:—1. Because the intended supply of water will be from the deep springs below the blue clay forming the London Basin,—inexhaustible in quantity,—transparent at all times,—twelve per cent softer than the water now supplied by the existing companies,—and free from any animal or vegetable substances. 2. Because the proposed new supply of water has been experimentally ascertained to be superior, and eminently fit for washing and every domestic and culinary purpose. 3. Because the health and duration of life of the inhabitants of this metropolis will be benefited and prolonged by the substitution of the wholesome water proposed to be furnished, for the present foul and corrupt element which the public, at times, are now compelled to use. 4. Because the water proposed to be supplied by this company, will in no way interfere with the pumps and wells in and about the metropolis, which water is hard, and formed of the land-springs; whereas that to be produced by this company, being found at a great depth from the surface, is entirely different in quality, and unconnected with common well and pump water, which will be excluded by iron cylinders in boring and sinking the shafts. 5. Because by the abandonment of the London Bridge and Beaufort Buildings Water Works, there are now two companies less than formerly (whilst it is notorious and indisputable that a most oppressive combination and monopoly exist), and the population has very much increased during the last few years. At the second reading of the bill in the House of Commons, a majority was found against the bill.—It met with great opposition, not only from the friends of the present Water Companies, but also from persons who had been at great expense in sinking wells to obtain the water. It is to be lamented the subject was not sufficiently investigated. It was erroneously thought, when pure spring water was mentioned, that it was the same as the common well water, which supplies the old pumps in London; and it is difficult to remove that prejudice from the public mind even now. It was urged against the bill, that the proposed company would drain dry all the pumps in the metropolis; whereas the great expense of procuring the pure water from under the blue clay would be in the quantity of tubes of metal required to prevent any communication with such springs, or the water in the clay, which contaminates the pure water, and renders it hard and unfit for washing, or brewing beer or tea, for which it is so greatly approved. Many families, who have been fortunate to obtain the use of this water, if from

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* We regret to observe that Ministers do not think this necessary. What a strange nation we are—throwing away millions on objects of little or no interest, and yet parsimonious to an extreme in great useful public undertakings! The multitude of nuisances which disgrace the metropolis, and the multitude of improvements which might readily be effected (and which should be effected, before we boast of ourselves as a powerful and refined people), startle and excite the surprise of intelligent travellers at every step. We do not mean to say that, in comparison with other countries, much has not been done; but we do not hesitate to say also, that much remains to be done in almost every branch of our institutions, and even in our pleasures and domestic economy.

† "Mr. Dalton has shewn, that even one grain of sulphate of lime, contained in 2000 grains of soft water, will convert it into the hardest water that is commonly met with."

any cause they are deprived thereof, will send miles to obtain it, even for tea only. The well at Norland House, Kensington, kept several water-carriers constantly at work, who earned a livelihood after paying a rent of 50*l.* a year for the overflow of the well only. The great brewers, who have been at the expense of obtaining the water, find their profit in it: as it possesses the fine quality of extracting the virtue from the malt and hops in a much superior degree to any other water. The writer earnestly hopes some plan may be devised, either by the government, by the different parishes, or by a new company—for an immediate supply of such a valuable necessary of life, and which would so materially contribute to the health of this great metropolis. It may be asked, could not the present Water Companies be induced to dig for and give the inhabitants such pure water, if it were only at seasons when the water they now supply is in its most impure state? Or, could not the different parishes employ their paupers in carrying it for sale from house to house, until a better mode of obtaining it could be accomplished? If the public at large were once to become acquainted with it, by a trial of its value and virtues, the public voice would be raised to complete so grand an object."

At the end of this very useful pamphlet are particulars of different soft spring water wells, in and around the metropolis; and of the price of boring the ground for water, and of well-sinking.

We have also seen a plan, by Mr. Martin, the celebrated artist, (which plan is illustrated by a map and drawings) for supplying the western parts of the metropolis with pure water. Mr. Martin's proposal is, to bring the water from the Coln to a reservoir at Paddington; and this, he observes, may be effected by two courses:—

"By one plan the supply might be taken from a *branch* of the Coln, betwixt Hillingdon and Cowley, and thence carried by the shortest cut to the Paddington Canal; close to which, running for the most part parallel to its bank, it might be conveyed to the reservoir at Paddington. The advantage of this plan is, that it affords a level already ascertained, and that the canal would give facility for transporting the necessary materials. In a few places, where the banks of the canal are much elevated above the level immediately adjoining, there would be a necessity for aqueducts, or other means of conveying the water. But the second and the better plan would be, to take the water from the Coln itself, about three quarters of a mile to the north east of Denham, just above the point where the Paddington Canal crosses it. It must thence be conveyed through Uxbridge Common, throguh Furtherfield, near to the northern side of Downbarn Hill; and be brought close to the bank of the canal, near to the south side of Massenden Hill, and so on, nearly parallel with the canal, to the reservoir at Paddington. Of the practicability of this course a very brief survey would, it is believed, afford sufficient assurance. Its advantages over the line first mentioned consist in its allowing a shorter route, and in its giving the supply of water nearer the source, from a larger and purer stream. For the attainment of other objects incidental to the principal purpose, it would also permit an unfailing *quantity* of water, which, perhaps, by the former plan, might not be procurable. Into the reservoir at Paddington this stream would flow; and its elevation, nearly eighty feet above the Thames at high water, would permit its distribution, without the aid of a steam-engine, to all the western end of the metropolis, with the exception of those parts of Paddington and Mary-la-bonne which stand above its level. For supplying such parts with water, an engine of small power might be sufficient."

Mr. Martin also proposes, that from the Coln should be taken a quantity of water considerably greater than could be needed for consumption; and that it should be applied to the formation of an extensive public bath, to various purposes of ornament, and, above all, to setting in motion several waters, such as the basin in the Regent's Park, the Serpentine in Hyde Park, &c., which are now stagnant, and to a certain degree, therefore, pestilential. His plan likewise contains other important suggestions, calculated to increase the salubrity and beauty of the metropolis, and which appear to us to be highly deserving of consideration.

Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England. By the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D. M.R.I.A. &c. &c. With Maps, Plates, &c. London, 1828. Wesley and Davis.*

To the leading statements in this work, which bore upon the approaching Turkish war, we paid particular attention in our last *Gazette*, when we had the satisfaction of making it known to our readers. But, as we then inferred, Dr. Walsh's observations also embraced a multitude of perhaps less important particulars, which yet may have considerable influence on the contest, and others of a curious general character; and we now turn to these, as being, in our judgment, well calculated to convey both information and pleasure to the public. They are, of necessity, of a very miscellaneous nature.

On entering the plain that surrounds Constantinople, the author says, "The first and most striking impression was the exceeding solitude that reigned every where around. We were within a few hundred yards of the walls of an immense metropolis, where 700,000 people lived together; but if we were at the same distance only from the ruins of Palmyra, we could not have witnessed more silence and desolation. The usual villas which are scattered near the suburbs of a large city were not to be seen, and the crowds which generally throng the entrance no where to be met with. A single team of buffaloes, dragging an aruba, or a solitary horseman scarcely visible on the horizon, were the only objects that indicated the existence of social life close by the great city. Nothing, perhaps, marks the indolence and inactivity of the Turkish character more than this circumstance. The shores of the Bosphorus are very populous, and from Constantinople to near the Black Sea is one continued village. The intercourse is proportionably great, and the surface of the water is a moving picture of boats passing and repassing. This mode of motion is peculiarly adapted to oriental indolence. The Turk reclines on a cushion, smoking his pipe, and is carried the distance he wants to go without exertion or discomposure. If he had a residence in this quarter, he could only walk or ride to it, as there are, generally speaking, no carriages or proper roads on which they could run; the vicinity of the city, therefore, on this side, is abandoned; and, with the exception of a very few scattered farms, it is a perfect desert. In about four hours we passed San Stephano, on the sea-shore, the usual residence of the Franks, particularly the English, during the autumnal months. It is built on a point of land which projects into the sea; and this promontory is the favourite haunt of quails, who make it their point of starting from, on their migratory excursions. The immense quantity of these birds found in different parts of the East, has been always a subject of remark; and the island of Ortygia, in the Egean Sea, was so called from the flocks which frequented it. At Constantinople they are first a luxury, and then the commonest food, of which every one gets tired. They first appear, as I have been informed, on a promontory near Derkon, on the Black Sea; and then on the promontory of San Stephano, on the sea of Marmora. It should seem, therefore, that their migration was from Russia, and their progress towards Africa. When they land, and before they take their flight, the ground is covered with them, and as you walk along they spring up from every tuft or little bush: on the next day they are gone. It is very remarkable, that while every year presents this phenomenon, just under the eye, and circumscribed to a particular spot, nobody can really tell from whence they come, or whither they go. After the most diligent inquiry, I never could learn that they have been seen in a flock flying over either land or sea. To account for this, it has been asserted that they migrate in the night; but if they crossed the Black Sea, they must be on the wing during the day, for they have no resting-place till they arrive at Derkon."

The route on the first day is represented as extremely bad, even for an individual traveller; the weather, however, was stormy, and the season winter. Still it must present great difficulties against the approach of an army; and farther on, Dr. W. says, "The road which leads through these plains is nothing more than a beaten path over the grass, every one pursuing that which he prefers. In summer it is of a limited breadth; but in winter, when the rain sets in, the usual path is impassable, and every traveller seeks a new one beside the former; so that in some places the road is three or four hundred yards wide. The traveller, however, is directed by certain marks. At long intervals he sees two little tumuli, not quite so large as hay-ricks, between which the way passes; these are called Sandják Sherif Tepé, or the Hillocks of the Sacred Standard. On all expeditions against the infidels in Europe, wherever the army encamped for the night, two mounds were raised, on one of which was planted the standard of Mahomet, which formed the centre of the encampment. There are no tumuli of a larger size or more ancient date in this neighbourhood. As those, however, are at very distant intervals, other directions were necessary. In January and February a cold Scythian wind passes over these plains, carrying with it immense drifts of snow, which soon obliterate all appearance of former tracks. Travellers then miss their way, and numbers are every year found dead in the drift. About ten years ago a salictar, bearing important news from Shumla to Constantinople, missed his way in the snow for several days, and nearly perished, with all his suite. He, therefore, at his own expense, erected stone posts at convenient intervals along the whole line. Some few of these remain, but the greater number are broken or fallen; nor is it likely they will ever be restored by the Turks. They were the only resemblance of mile-stones in the Turkish empire. * *

"We arrived at Kinlikli. This was a large

* It was owing to an oversight that the publishers' names were not appended to our review of this well-timed volume in our last.

flourishing town twenty years ago. It now consists of two or three miserable houses. It was, unfortunately for the inhabitants, the scene of action in a conflict between the contending parties in the revolution of 1807 and 8; and several entrenchments, thrown up near the remains of the town, mark the field of battle, as do the ruins of houses, scattered over a wide space, mark the site of a large town. It is one of the numerous melancholy memorials of the rapid decay of this empire, and the extinction of its population. In twenty years a large town is reduced to three houses, and scarcely a trace left of the former, or its inhabitants."

At Burghaz "the weather was dark and doubtful, at intervals spitting rain. We wandered from the road in the pitchy darkness, and got entangled in gardens and old houses, and here we floundered for a long time before we regained the road. At length the horizon became streaked with a parallel gleam of light, which indicated a clear day, and extricated us from our difficulties. We were now on the spot which was the limit of the Russian campaign in 1810. The main body of the army proceeded no farther than Shumla; but clouds of Cossack Tartars had passed the Balkan, and rode up to the suburbs of Burghaz, which is within eighty-four miles of Constantinople, having plundered the country the whole way. The country was the same flat denuded plain as that we had passed the day before, and these Tartars must have felt themselves at home. About nine o'clock, however, we arrived at a wood, and the trees were the first we had met since we left Constantinople—a distance of one hundred miles. This wood was a grateful variety, and continued for three hours, to the vicinity of Kirklesi."

Here the author relates some singular characteristics of the Turkish nation. "The Turks of this place are so rude and ignorant, that they think a man degraded who understands any other language than Turkish; when I addressed Mustapha, therefore, in English, at the post-house, he could not answer, as it would have exposed us both to the contempt and insult of the fellows about us, from which he had no means of protection. It had happened to him, he said, in the same place before, and both he and the gentleman he travelled with were attacked, and in great danger. This determined hostility to knowledge is, perhaps, the most extraordinary trait in the Turkish character, and distinguishes them from every other nation at the present day. It is hardly possible to conceive a people priding themselves on being ignorant, and despising those who are not so. Nor is this confined to the rude rabble of Kirklesi. There is a number of janizaries attached to the palaces of the different missions at Constantinople, as guards of honour, and they are in constant communication with the inmates of the palaces. The only one I ever heard of, who acquired a knowledge of a Frank language, was Mustapha, and he was a renegado, and did it at the hazard of his life. The prejudice is not less among the upper and educated classes. The Turks, in their intercourse with foreign nations, are always obliged to use rayas as interpreters. The important function of dragoman to the Porte was always performed by Greeks till the late insurrection; and when the Turks thought they could no longer confide in them, there could not be found in the empire one, of themselves, capable or willing to hold a communication in a foreign language, and they were obliged to confer the situation on a Jew. They have since that, however, established a seminary for the instruction of a few young Turks in different Frank languages, that they may be able to undertake and discharge a duty so important and confidential, and no longer depend on the suspicious fidelity of strangers. This tardy and reluctant adoption of a measure so indispensable, is a strong proof of the pertinacity with which they adhere to ancient prejudices, which no one but a man of the energetic character of the present sultan could dare to oppose, or oppose with any effect."

Other traits of character are thus amusingly mentioned: Mustapha, the janizary, was under the hands of a barber; and Dr. W. observes, "Here I had occasion to remark the strange aptitude of a Turk to differ from a Frank, even in his most trifling habits. The house next to the barber's shop was in progress of building, and there was a man writing down some inventory. All the persons I saw engaged were working in a manner opposite to our usage. The barber pushed the razor from him—ours draws it to him; the carpenter, on the contrary, drew the saw to him, for all the teeth were set in—ours pushes it from him, for all the teeth are set out; the mason sat while he laid the stones—ours always stands; the scribe wrote on his hand, and from right to left—ours always writes on a desk or table, and from left to right: but the most ridiculous difference existed in the manner of building the house. We begin at the bottom, and finish to the top: this house was a frame of wood, which the Turks began at the top, and the upper rooms were finished and inhabited, while all below was like a lantern. However absurd these minutiæ may appear to you, they are traits of Turkish character, which form, with other things, a striking peculiarity. It is now more than four centuries since they crossed the Hellespont, and transported themselves from Asia to Europe; during all that time they have been in constant contact with European habits and manners, and, at times, even penetrated as far as Vienna, and so occupied the very centre of Christendom. Yet, while all the people around them have been advancing in the march of improvement, in various ways, they have stood still and refused to move; and such is their repugnance to any assimilation, that almost all the men who attempted to improve them, have fallen victims to their temerity, or the Turks themselves have perished in resistance; and, with very few exceptions, the great body of them are, at this day, the same puerile, prejudiced, illiterate, intractable, stubborn race, that left the mountains of Asia. And so indisposed are they to amalgamate with us in any way, that they still preserve a marked distinction in the greatest as well as in the minutest things—not only in science and literature, but in the movement of a saw and a razor."

Here we must again pause; but we purpose a return to Dr. W.'s interesting narrative.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Punch and Judy: with Illustrations by G. Cruikshank. Second Edition. Post 8vo. pp. 141. London, 1828. Prowett.

WE thought our old and comical friend Punch would soon come to a second edition, indebted as he is to the literary editorial labours of Mr. J. Payne Collier and the pictorial labours of G. Cruikshank. This new tome is much improved as well as enlarged (for we do not always find the two go together); and we have even a sonnet in it, ascribed to Lord Byron, as followeth:—

"Triumphant Punch! with joy I follow thee
Through the glad progress of thy wanton course;
Where life is painted with such truth and force,
Its equal on our stage we never see.
Whether thou killst thy wife with jolly glee,
Hurlst thy sweet babe away without remorse,
Mountst, and art quickly thrown from off thy horse,
Or dance with 'pretty Poll,' so fair and free,
Having first slain with just disdain her sire,
Deaf to music of thy sheep-bell lyre!
Who loves not music is not fit to live!
Then, when the hangman comes, who can refuse
To laugh, when thou his head into the noose
Hast nimbly thrust, while he gets no reprieve?
Who feigns to grieve
Thou goest unpunish'd in the fiend's despite,
And slayst him too, is but a hypocrite.
'Tis such delight
To see thee cudgel his black carcass antique,
For very rapture I am almost frantic!"

One of Punch's extemporaneous varieties is told after this manner:—

"During one of the elections for Westminster, Sir F. Burdett figured on one of the street stages, and was represented kissing Judy and the child, and soliciting Mr. Punch for his vote. 'How are you, Mr. Punch? (inquired the baronet); I hope you will give me your support.' 'I don't know (answered Punch); ask my wife. I leave all those things to Mrs. P.' 'That is very right (continued Sir Francis); what do you say, Mrs. Judy? Bless me! what a sweet little child you have got, I wish mine were like it!' 'And so they may be, Sir Francis (observed Judy), for you are very like my husband; you have got such a beautiful long nose.' 'True, Mrs. Judy; but Lady B. is not like you (added Sir Francis, kissing her). A sweet little infant, indeed! I hope it has good health. How are its little bowels?' 'Charmingly, thank you,' was the answer; and Judy could not refuse the solicitations of so gallant and kind-hearted a candidate."

The more serious and important historical matter, particularly as it relates to the arrival of Punch in England, is also much augmented in this edition; but it is of too deep national consequence to be treated of in a short review, and we must therefore beg to refer the curious to Chapter III. for a load of invaluable information from the most authentic sources on this head.

Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Personages, Part I. Engraved under the direction of C. J. Smith. J. B. Nichols and Son.

THIS curious performance sets out with the time of Henry VIII.; and, besides fac-similes of the hand-writing and signatures of many celebrated persons, gives us extracts from their letters, &c. not unworthy of being preserved in this miscellaneous form, as well as slight biographical sketches, and notices of various kinds. We have no doubt but the work, when completed, will deserve a place in well-chosen libraries; and those who think that characters may be traced through the indications of scripture, may indulge in plenty of speculation over these pages.

The Art of Drawing on Stone. By G. F. Phillips. 1828. Laurie.

A superficial affair.

The Puffiad: a Satire. 8vo. pp. 128. London, 1828. S. Maunder.

THE science of puffing has certainly attained great perfection in this commercial country, from hair-cutting to the cures of all diseases, and from blacking to books. The author of this poem seems to be grievously offended therewith, and has poured out a flood of wrath upon the professors, particularly in the literary

line; but, in our judgment, he has mistaken the right method of treating the evil. A light and sportive satire was called for to castigate this practice, and not a grave and harsh style of rebuke. Indeed, with occasional gleams of good writing and poetry, it does not appear to us that the author has stumbled upon his forte in this production. His comparisons are often mean; and his language vituperative and coarse, instead of being, as he intended, severe and strong. We must also express our disapprobation of the personalities in which he has indulged, as well as of the mintage of many new and uncouth words—a fault, by the by, censured in *others*, according to his own verse:

"Plain English, undefiled, correctly pure,
Where native force and nervous sounds allure,
Now rarely greets us in the gausy page."

And yet we find the critic using such words as funnycism, venalism, victimised, crim-conic, monkeyfy, vagabondic, pestful, &c. &c.

Thinking the writer's talents misapplied on this occasion, we shall, however, in compliment to his better powers, abstain from farther comment, and cite one example, the best we can find, of his style: it occurs in describing a gambling-house.

"Now cease the puff in print for puff in stone,
Which Hell itself hath bargained for its own.
Go! blind adorers of the day, and see
The Modern Temple of Iniquity:
Full in that street where Fashion's pimpled apes
Limp forth at noon, to shew their poker shapes,
There in proud triumph mark a princely pile,
Rear'd to advance the ruin of our isle;*
Where midnight sharpers and their hideous crew
Unite to see what knaves and dice can do.—
How many hearts shall wither to the core,
How many happy shall be so no more!—
Yes; in yon room, where polish'd scoundrels meet,
Night after night, to plunder and to cheat—
There shall be seen the fiercely glaring eye—
There shall be heard the riven bosom's sigh—
There shall the hollow groan of anguish sound,
And Ruin glance her deadly eyes around."†

A Companion for the Visitor at Brussels; with Notes of a Tour in Italy. By an Old Resident at Brussels. pp. 196. Hunt and Clarke. 1828.

HERE is some good, and, we have no doubt, accurate information of the expense and manner of living at Brussels, with which, apparently, the author is well acquainted. It seems to us, however, to prove what, perhaps, he did not suspect; namely, that it would be quite as cheap, far more comfortable and more consonant to the usual habits of life of us English folks, to rusticate in some parts of Devonshire, or in any other reasonably cheap county of England, than to be expatriated to other lands, to be subject to other laws, to have to acquire other modes of living, in short, to put up with "the thousand ills" with which the stranger abroad will daily meet, during a residence there. We see in this account few inducements to emigration; but still, to those who wish for information on the subject, it is a useful work. *Au reste*, the tour in Italy is worth nothing, tells nothing that was not well known before, is not instructive enough to add to our stock of knowledge, nor entertaining enough to increase our store of amusement. The expense of a year's tour in Italy, for two persons, seems to be extravagantly calculated at 1,300*l.*

* A very awkward line.

† A little pamphlet, entitled Hints to Hazard Players, has just been published by Goodhugh and Richardson. We do not understand it, and hope few of our readers do: all that we make out is, that by some advantage, called the "*Power of the Pull*," the bank must in due time ruin every adventurer who plays.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Captain Rock's Suppressed Volume.

[Second notice.]

THE "Supreme King of Ireland" *in posse*, to whom in our last we swore allegiance, not having stooped from his aery* height to question our intermeddling with his suppressed manifesto, we feel ourselves at liberty to proceed with that important document. And first of the first, reverting to his kingdom in ancient times, his Majesty Captain Rock thus speaketh of the Bull of Adrian IV. (*i. e.* the English Nicholas Brakespere), granting Ireland, in 1156, to Henry the Second. "The pope himself having no more title than the devil to Ireland, it was not his to bestow; therefore this title of England falls to the ground." And as this is the oldest title which can be insisted on by England, *ergo* Ireland is an independent kingdom, whose sceptre ought to be swayed by an O'Connor! By this Bull, the authenticity of which Captain Rock doubts hugely, "1. Henry engaged to pay to St. Peter, *alias* the Holy See, one penny from every house in Ireland. 2. He undertook 'to study to form the Irish nation to virtuous manners and labour, by himself and others, whom he might judge meet for the work, in faith, word, and life, that the church might be there adorned; that the religion of the Christian faith might be *planted* and grow up; that all things appertaining to the honour of God *and the salvation of souls*, might be so ordered, that Henry might be entitled to the fulness of eternal reward from God.' How well," continues the Captain, "these duties were fulfilled, will be seen in the sequel: in the mean time let me notice but one passage from Sir John Davies:—'It is manifest, that such as had the government of Ireland under the crown of England, did intend to make a perpetual separation and enmity between the Irish and the English; intending, no doubt, that the English should in the end root out the Irish; *which the English not being able to do*, caused a perpetual war between the two nations, which continued during four hundred and odd years:' whereto let me add,—even unto this very hour. Happy mode 'of exterminating the roots of vice from the land, of planting virtue, and increasing religion!' Blessed practice 'for forming the nation to virtuous manners,' according to the hypocritical recommendation of the holy father! [How irreverently these Roman Catholic kings do speak of popes—the heads of their church!!] Howbeit, it must be acknowledged, that the various oligarchies of England have strictly adhered to the rules of the Son of David for promoting the benefits of that faith, of which Adrian, his vicegerent on earth, was the prince—Henry II. the *dearest son*,—and Henry VIII. the *champion and defender*,—as I find it translated from the Greek of the *goodspell* of Matthew into my native tongue.—Chap. x. 34. Ni measg tn me teacda sit faoldad air tur—ni tangas me sit faoidad, claoidam acd.—35. Gar ta me teacd acombrac fatad eideran atar, ocas an uia—an ingean, ocas an matar—An mna an uia le an matar a ceile.—36. Ocas bifid na namiude duine, lucd teic se fein. Thus rendered in the English language:—Chap. x. 34. Think not I am come to bring peace on earth—I come, not to bring peace, but a sword.—35. For I am come to cause strife between the father and the son, the daughter and the mother, the daughter-in-law and the mother-in-law.—36. And a man's foes shall be those of his own house.—How diligently and expertly the rulers of England have achieved these soul-saving exploits, let every page, yea every line of the sad story of my distracted country testify! Ralph, in his History of England, saith, 'that the constitution was crucified between the Whigs and Tories, as Christ between two thieves.' With how much greater correctness may it be affirmed, that Ireland hath been exposed on the cross for the space of six centuries and a half, tortured, not *between* but *by* two bands of malefactors, belonging to the pious pandemonium of Rome and the impious pandemonium of England! during which time (strange to think!) not one of her own sons being found comparable, for the management of the two most important concerns of society,—policy and religion,—to foreign infants, women, idiots, maniacs, and monsters, she hath been constrained to have recourse to any country save herself for a king, and to Italy for a high-priest. That is the root from which hath sprung all our afflictions! When our ancestors suffered their native sovereignty to slip through their hands, they entailed on their posterity insult and persecution,—our only inheritance:—

Ill fares that land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where might makes right, and foreigners bear sway!

I do not know what title his Satanic Majesty, the best ally of his holiness, had to all the kingdoms of the earth, when he proposed to invest Christ with the dominion thereof. Did I lend an ear to revelations, I might be apt to think, that the God of the Jews handed over Ireland and Greece to the Devil of the Christians, as he did Job, to prove their patience under the lash of oppressions, which have ofttimes wrung from the tender daughters of this land, the exclamation—To your tents, men of Erin! Up, men, be valiant,—assert the rights of nature, or crawl to your lurking-places,—there lie down, curse God, and die!

(Signed) "ROCK."

The submissions of the Irish kings to King John, and the march of King Richard to Dublin in 1396, are laughed at by Rock, as mere "pooh, pooh nonsense," unworthy of having any consequence whatsoever attached to these events, recorded by Norman and English historians. Indeed he states, on the authority of Irish writers, that so far from Richard being victorious, he was absolutely beaten from Waterford, where he landed, by Kilkenny, through Leinster, all the way to Dublin, where "he took shelter," and "found food"!! Nevertheless, Richard and his successors styled themselves *Lords* of Ireland, till Henry VIII. changed it into *King*; and the submission to the said king, though not general, is a sore grievance to our royal author.

"Now (says he) to shew what manner of submission this was, I ask, of whom was this parliament composed, who, with these demonstrations of loyalty, bestowed the state of *king* upon this self-created—I ask pardon, this pope-created, lord of Ireland? Was there an *Irishman* amongst them? And what kind of an assembly was it by whom this act was made? The English deputy and the English council, who neglected the *trifling* frivolity of law, 'because *they*,' &c., by whom it may be supposed is meant the *Irish* only; but it is not so: for Davies says, 'This was not only done by the *mere Irish*, but the chief of the *degenerate English* families did perform the same, as the Fitzgeralds, Barrys, Burkes, &c. &c.; for neither the Irish nor the English did

* *Query*, Area?—*Printer's Diabolus.*

yet know the English law,'—which expression will be presently explained. I freely confess, and it is with shame and indignation I acknowledge it, that some few individuals of the royal houses of Ireland disgraced themselves by suffering their blood to be tainted by the acceptance of English titles. In what family, long distinguished, are not knaves and fools to be found? But is this degeneracy of *two* to be imputed to all the royal families of Ireland? By no means: for instantly on the hideous treason, the princes assembled, and not only chose their own king, agreeably to their own law, but withdrew confidence from the apostates who had leagued with the enemy against their country. Davies says: '*All* the Irish lords' (by which name he and his countrymen never fail to call the kings and princes of this land when they call them no worse) 'acknowledged King Henry VIII.' Did either of the princes of the race of Er,—to wit, O'Connor Kerry, O'Connor Corc amarrig, O'Moore, O'Fearal, and Dunleve? Did one of the stock of the royal family of Connaught,—to wit, O'Connor Don, O'Connor Roe, or O'Connor Sligo? Did O'Connor Failge? Did one of the royal house of Iber,—to wit, the M'Carthies, O'Sullivans, O'Falveys, and O'Brians,—save O'Brian, the then chief? Did one of the race of Ulster, save O'Niaal, or one of the line of Ith, prove traitorous to their country? And is it to be said, because *two* false, abominable patricides betrayed the land of their fathers, and bent their neck to a foreign yoke, that *all* were so vile? I can answer the question in the negative. Rather let Davies himself answer it, as follows:—'And thus far did Sir Anthony St. Leger proceed in the course of reformation, which, though it was a good *beginning*, yet it was far from reducing Ireland to perfect obedience to the crown of England; for all this while the provinces of Connaught and Ulster, and a good part of Leinster, were not reduced to shire ground; and though Munster was anciently divided into counties, the people were so *degenerate, as no justice of assize durst execute his commission amongst them.* None of the Irish lords or tenants were *settled* in their possessions by any grant or confirmation from the crown, except the three great earls [to wit, O'Brian, O'Niaal, and M'William, which latter was not Irish, but a Norman, De Burgh] before named, who, *notwithstanding*, did govern their tenants and *followers by the Irish or Brehon law*, so as no treason, murder, rape, or *theft*, committed in those countries, was inquired of, or punished by the law of *England*; and, consequently, no escheat, forfeiture, or fine—no revenue, certain or casual—did accrue to the crown [of England, of course, this English lawyer means] out of these provinces.' From all which it appears, that notwithstanding this title of England to the kingdom of Ireland, there was at this era (1542 since Christ), but a bad or small part of Leinster reduced by England to obedience to *her* laws!!! And that the Irish did not acknowledge any title of England, we find by the said Davies, who states, that from shortly after 1542 until 1554, Sussex, the English deputy, was employed in 'subduing and thoroughly breaking the two most rebellious and powerful septs (princes) in Leinster, namely, the O'Moores and O'Connors, who possessed the territories of Leix and Offaly, which, by act of the [English thing, called a] parliament in Ireland, were reduced to shire ground by the names of King's and Queen's Counties, which were the first two counties that had been made in this kingdom since the 12th of John,'—that is, three centuries and a half, lacking seven years! *Such* are your Majesty's title and titles to the lordship and kingship of Ireland, by favour of *submissions* of the Irish; whereon let me observe, that the Irish and English had a very different idea of what was meant by the word, and that the palpable not-to-be-misconstrued facts of the continual wars are better evidence that our ancestors were not so base and traitorous as to surrender themselves, their liberty, and their country, into the hands of foreigners, than all the English pipe and close rolls, Tower archives, white books in the exchequer chamber, black books in chancery, and records of council chambers, &c. &c. are of the contrary.

(Signed) "ROCK."

Having thus brought down the real and genuine *Rock* Assurance history of Ireland to the reign of Henry VIII., we shall, as before, vary this paper by giving a few more samples of his Majesty the author's contempt for the *parvenu* modern noble families of Ireland—miserable caitiffs, who can hardly reckon back a century or two, whose coat-armour is below that of the meanest German gentle—in fact, nobodies.

"*Adair, Baron—Quin.*—This is a corruption of Coinn, the genitive case of Conn, a common appellation amongst the Irish. Fortunately for this man's grandfather, he happened, by God's mercy, to be a *Protestant*, and thereby enabled to acquire lands. His influence in the county of Limeric elections contributed to make a lord of him. * *

"*Carbery, Baron. Evans.*—A soldier of Cromwell's republican army, was paid by the grant of a spot of Irishmen's land, situate near Bruff, a little village in the county of Limeric, where he kept an alehouse. When other soldiers came wandering to his hut in quest of their allotments, the cunning Welshman gave them such a dreadful account of the place of their destination, (which he represented as distant many a weary step, though in the very neighbourhood), that they were glad to part with their debentures for a trifle. These Evans bought up, and *thus* became owner of a large tract of the richest land in that fertile country. The grandson of the republican soldier was made a lord in 1718. The reason assigned in the county of Limeric for his nobility, was his beauty, which gave occasion to a roving Irish bard, who wrote an elegy on his death, to express himself thus:—

> Carass now laments; Maag's swell'd with tears,
> Carbery is gone, the prince of all peers!
> Ennobled he was, and rank'd among the sages,
> Propter pul-chri-tu-di-nem ejus."

"*Belmore, Earl—Corry.*—The true name is Curad, in latter times Currie, which means a knight; but to what noble Irish family they belong, I cannot at this moment set forth. They were wholly ruined on the seizure of the six northern counties by James the First. The good genius of Protestantism in Ireland, industry, success, and their uncle Armar, the miller of Coole, raised them from poverty. Influence in the Fermanagh and Tyrone elections, backed by connexion with the Hobarts of England, produced the lordship. * *

"*Ennismore, Baron—Hare.*—This *nobleman's* true name is Ager: his father was a tallow-chandler in Cork, who, having made money, purchased Lord Kerry's estate for a song, by annuity. His vote as member for Cork city, at the time of the Union, assisted in making him a lord, by the name of Ennismore, without his knowing, *though of the most obscure Irish*, how to spell the title he had taken."

[Our Paris Letter of this week arrived too late for us to give it all: we insert the most temporary news.]

Paris, May 30.

On Saturday the King returned from Compiegne: his chase was not very fortunate, so he is to re-commence his attack on wild boars in three weeks. Were he to turn his arms against the tame ones who infest society, the benefit to humanity would be generally felt; but, alas! these animals are unexterminable.

I have no theatrical news worth your notice. *La Muette de Bercy*, at the Porte St. Martin, drew considerable crowds: it is a parody on the *Muette de Portici*: its revolting immorality excited loud cheering from the mob. Our "God save the King" is introduced, accompanying a prayer offered up to the handle of a broom, which is the object of invocation. This profanation of an air which is sacred to every English ear, produced a disapproving sensation throughout the house; and, to do justice, Frenchmen were the loudest in their condemnation.

A second *William Tell* has appeared: I have not seen it; but *on dit* that it bears a strong family-likeness to the first. On Sunday, Mademoiselle Garnerin, after several disappointments, gratified the French curiosity by the new mode of horse-racing. Nothing could be worse. Her ascension in the balloon, however, was very fine; she appeared terrified; happily, she arrived safely in a garden in the Rue Rochefoucault, by means of the parachute. The balloon burst, and fell in the Rue Mathurin, which was blocked up completely by the multitude of the curious. A gymnasium is about to be erected at St. Cloud, for the use of the young Duc de Bordeaux, whom I saw with his little sister the other day: the latter is sweetly pretty, and promises to be very handsome: both she and her brother look more like English children than foreigners.

Paris is inundated with English, Welch, Scotch, and Irish professors, each depreciating the other's method of teaching English, which is now advertised to be perfectly taught in twelve lessons. I presume they will soon announce that it may be learned by *steam*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Ship-building.—Friday evening, the 16th inst., Mr. Knowles resumed his discourse "on the Rise, Progress, and Present State of Naval Architecture in Great Britain."

The lecturer commenced his observations with the Commonwealth, and stated, that although the ships were not then increased in size, or improved in form, yet in nine years the fleet was doubled in numbers and in force. The first frigate built in England, the Constant Warwick, was constructed at this time. This ship, although armed with 42 guns of different calibres, some of which carried shots of 9½ pounds in weight, was not larger than our present sloops of 14 guns.

The first ship of 74 guns (the Royal Oak) was constructed during the reign of Charles II. This vessel carried 32-pounder guns on the lower deck, but was smaller than some of our modern frigates, being only 157 feet 6 inches in length, and 41 feet 4 inches in breadth. Frigates were at this period so increased in size as to carry their guns 4 feet 6 inches from the water. The Constant Warwick carried hers only 3 feet from the line of flotation.

James I. paid much attention to naval af-

fairs. He, with the assistance of Mr. Pepys, formed books of regulations for the commanders and officers of the navy, and for the dock-yards, which were so perfect, that they have formed the ground-work of all subsequent instructions. At this time a table was formed of the solid contents of ships' bodies, which had never before been calculated.

William and Mary increased the fleet, and formed a naval establishment at Plymouth, now one of the most important in the kingdom. It was during their reign that the practice of girdling or doubling ships at the line of floatation, to give them stability, was introduced.

Queen Anne gave her whole attention to the army, and, therefore, neglected the naval force of the kingdom, which, in the end, caused the people to murmur.

Mr. Knowles here traced the difference in the sizes of ships of the same class, by rules laid down at different periods, viz. 1677, 1691, 1706, 1716, 1733, 1741, and 1745; which establishments, although he admitted in some degree their conveniences, he nevertheless designated "barriers to the advancement of naval architecture," in attempting to limit that which must necessarily change with circumstances and the practices of other nations.

George I. paid great attention to the fleet, and thus repaired the neglect of his predecessor. During his reign the practice of building ships to carry 80 guns on three decks, was discontinued; and in 1765 those of 60 and 50 guns were no longer considered as belonging to the line.

At the accession of George III. a very considerable increase took place in the dimensions of vessels of all classes; and great attention was paid to the force and condition of the ships. This enabled the country to meet the difficulties brought about by the first American war, and to combat the gigantic force which France possessed at the early period of the Revolution.

The lecturer alluded to the substitution of copper for iron bolts in ships' bottoms, and paid a well-merited compliment to Sir H. Davy, Bart. for an important discovery made by him in the theatre of the Royal Institution, of the voltaic effect produced upon two dissimilar metals when in contact, and also with sea-water; and the result, that the more oxidable one is rapidly destroyed, while the other remains perfect. He then shewed the talents of the late Sir W. Rule in the construction of the Caledonia, of 120 guns, and the Bulwark and Repulse, of 74 guns each; eulogised Earl Spencer for the employment of science and scientific men in our naval establishments; and pointed out the direct as well as indirect influence brought about therein by such men as Bentham, Barrallier, Brunel, and others of lesser note.

The new mode of ship-building by Sir Robert Seppings was fully explained, and compared, step by step, with that formerly in practice; and Mr. Knowles then gave, in a succinct manner, his opinion of the advantages which naval architecture has derived by this change in the construction of ships, and demonstrated practically the strength given by the system and combination of shelf-pieces, thick waterways, struts, and ties, in preventing them from arching, sagging, and separating side from side.

The dimensions of the ships of war at present building in France were adverted to, particularly the first-rates, said to be 232 feet long and 60 feet broad; these, Mr. Knowles designated rather as monuments of the riches and splendour of a nation than machines of usefulness.

The difficulties which the naval architect has to encounter in his attempt to improve ships, were pointed out; and a remark made, that the one good quality in a ship is at variance with another. The advantages which had been derived from science, and which were likely to result from the establishment of a college for the education of naval engineers, were shewn; and Mr. Knowles said, that "this country must look for the advancement of naval architecture to those men who unite the theory thereof with the practice—who are patient observers of the facts which experience brings to their view, and have sufficient science to account for these, either by laws long established, or if not, to endeavour to discover new ones."

The lecture was concluded with stating this pleasing fact, that at no period did England possess a better-conditioned fleet than at the present time.

Models of a ship of 48 guns, the Bristol, built in 1657; the Britannia of 100 guns, constructed in 1719; and the Caledonia of 120 guns, launched in 1808, were exhibited; and also internal models of ships as formerly constructed, and those now building after Sir Robert Sepping's plan, with their diagonal framing and round sterns.*

THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

THE Linnæan Society held its Anniversary Dinner at the Freemason's Tavern on Saturday last; previous to which, however, there was a general meeting, A. B. Lambert, Esq. in the chair. At this meeting it was resolved to raise a subscription for the purpose of purchasing the late President's, Sir J. E. Smith's, library and botanical collections, offered to the Society at 4000*l.*—Davies Gilbert, Esq. was elected President; and the Duke of Somerset, Dr. Goodenough, Dr. Fitton, Messrs. E. T. Bennet, and J. F. South, members of the council.

FERNANDO PO.

Manners and Customs of the Natives.

[From another journal of a *trip* into the interior of this new settlement, we cull the following particulars, in addition to the details which we have already given. The English visitors took up their abode in the same hut that had been occupied by the first of their countrymen (see preceding *Literary Gazettes*, for his narrative), and were soon joined by Canning, who examined their bag, and found out its contents of iron hoops, &c.]

At day-light next morning they were awoke and taken to the king with this coveted store; of which, six pieces had to be given before his sable majesty was satisfied.

In their walks, they endeavoured to obtain the names of several new plants and trees; but could not comprehend their attendants' answers.

In the evening, when they wanted to go out again they were prevented; and one of the natives made a sign, that if they did, the *Cook-alookoo* (or king—and a good-sounding royal title it is!) would cut their throats. A chief came full of wonder at having seen (as they understood him) some one shoot a monkey, and wanted them to shoot a bird with a stick—in which he could not be gratified.

Next day, they saw the white (albino) woman and children. Their features are entirely like those of the other natives; but the children seemed more terrified at the apparition of persons of nearly their own colour, than the black *infantry* were.

Two ships were seen in the offing, and some of the natives thought Captain Owen was in one of them. On signs being made that he was not, they seemed very glad. A native was observed making a paddle, which he was chopping with a piece of iron hoop tied to a piece of crooked wood in the shape of a cooper's adze, as smooth and exact as any carpenter could have done it with plane and chisel. A number of chiefs, not seen before, were this day with the king. His majesty, after directing one of his wives to give our countrymen some "topy," made signs, that he wanted twenty knives, twenty hatchets, and a sword. The last he did by cutting a piece of wood flat, and tying a piece of bark round the handle for a guard, and pretending to slash away at all around. They would not comprehend the hint, and before he went he gave them a sort of puzzle, which on their making out, he signed to them to keep. At supper they had a vegetable resembling a potato in taste, but very different in appearance. An animal "very like a civet-cat" was roasted with its intestines, and eaten by the natives. Our party wanted to go to the beach to meet Mr. Holman (the blind traveller), whom they expected; but after accompanying them some distance, the people obliged them to return, intimating, that they could not depart for four days (that being the expiration of the time appointed for their stay). Mr. Holman, however, arrived in the evening, accompanied by Anderson, "the pretended interpreter." Mr. H. wished to be taken to the king, but was told that he was asleep.

At day-break next morning, the hut was visited by Canning and several other chiefs, who brought them a yam and some palm wine. Upon inquiring for the king from time to time, they were informed he was coming; but after waiting two hours, this "coming" became so unsatisfactory that Anderson was despatched to ascertain where his majesty was, and the reason of the procrastination. The messenger returned with intelligence that the king was getting his head dressed, and that as soon as he had finished his toilet he would make his appearance. He followed about eight o'clock, attended by some chiefs, and his manner at first was very reserved. But, after a little conversation, in which a prospect of his receiving presents was held out, together with an earnest of two large knives from Mr. Holman, the face of affairs was altered, the royal countenance cleared, and a show of royal favour shewn. His majesty grew very loquacious, animated, and agreeable, and the palm wine was circulated freely. In about an hour he retired. Six yams were presently received. A priest who remained had been colouring himself for a good while with yellow clay, and soon after the king's departure, began to exercise the mysterious functions of his office, by the frequent repetition of various short sentences, in which the subject of his magical incantations occasionally joined. He also now and then shook a bundle of rods over the head of the person, at the same time imitating the squeaking of a pig. This priest had resided in the hut all the time the strangers were there; but the only duty they had seen him perform, except a few prayers morning and evening, was by applying his mouth to the eye of a man, apparently to extract something from it, as he repeated the operation several times, and spat some white stony substance from his mouth each time. On returning

* On the table in the library, this evening, we noticed proof impressions of Harding's drawings on stone—excellent examples of his mode of retouching in lithography. There were also paste models of eight magnificent diamonds now in the possession of Rundell, Bridge, and Rundell. A note of their history would have been interesting.

from a walk after dinner, a hut was passed, with five hats hanging up in front of it: they were informed that the owner of them had lately died in that abode; their hats, knives, spears, and a few baubles, are evidently the possessions most valued. This day our people were sorely annoyed by ants.

Next day they returned the king's call, and were speedily motioned back to enjoy a feast which was sent by a shorter road. The king, who, on their visit, had seated Mr. Holman on a low stone at his right hand, speedily joined them, and the chiefs prepared to kill the sheep. They hung it up by the hind legs, and then cut its throat; taking care not to touch the windpipe till the blood had nearly all run out, which blood they preserved, apparently for some religious rite, as it was taken by the priest. The animal was next skinned, beginning from each fore-leg to the corresponding hinder one; and after removing the part which covers the belly, taking off the rest in the common manner. They proceeded to cut off all the fat and skin that adheres to the flesh, and separated the shoulders and one leg, leaving the remainder attached to the other leg. They next opened the belly, and having extracted the gall and bladder, which they threw away, took out the whole of the stomach and intestines. The next process was to slice off a large piece from the shoulder, and send it to the king, who cut it into a long string, beginning at the outside and continuing till he reached the centre. He twisted it round a stick and held it over the fire; and when partially roasted, divided it into small pieces, of which he gave one to Mr. Holman, and one each to the rest of the party and to the chiefs in succession. When the king's piece was eaten, they brought in the rest of the carcass and put the intestines on the fire, without the slightest previous preparation, except merely squeezing out the contents of the stomach and entrails; and when this mass was little more than warmed through, every one ate his portion with much apparent relish. The remainder, with the exception of a leg, a shoulder, a loin, and the breast, presented to the strangers, was shared out raw by his majesty for the chiefs to do as they pleased, only the head being reserved for himself. This he partially cooked, and sent away by one of his sons.

Upon opening the poor animal, two young ones, living, were found in the inside; and the king put the natural sack containing them, fluid and all, into Mr. Holman's hand, as a mark of peculiar favour, for they seemed to consider it a very delicious morsel. Mr. H. having laid it aside, it was again offered to him; and upon his shaking his head and signifying that he did not intend to use it, they placed it by the fire and pricked it in several places, so that the fluid escaped and the membrane dried. They then divided it and the young ones (about five inches long), and ate the whole without any cooking, offering portions to the English, and laughing at them for declining the delicate dish. The king soon after took his leave. There was much thunder and lightning in the evening. At night, for the first time, they heard the natives set up a tremendous howling. About eleven, P.M., they were also heard rattling the boxes which some of them carry round their necks. The box resembles the upper part of a sportsman's leathern bottle, and has a sheep's jaw in it for a clapper. After the rattling was over, there was much loud talking, intermingled with the same noise and hallooing, which lasted throughout the night.

The natives next day were desirous of scarifying or tatooing their visitors with a razor, in the same manner as they are themselves — on the face, and generally on the abdomen, where the common fashion is to have palm leaves represented. The hour of departure now arrived; and our countrymen (like true Englishmen) wanting to dine before they started, applied for some yam to eat with their reserve of mutton. This was refused; but at last an insufficient quantity was brought. They required more, which was obstinately resisted; and at last the natives became sulky and "almost savage." They tried to intimidate; and Canning rose with a menacing expression of countenance, and put his hand upon some spears and a shield* that were on the beams of the hut. Not desiring to push matters farther, our friends dined, coolly, as well as they could, packed up their things, and set off. On their way they overtook the presents of sheep, fowls, &c. for Captain Owen; and met the king returning home with some wood on one shoulder, and accompanied by a chief and some boys carrying different articles, instead of escorting them to King's Cove and proceeding on board, as they had all along been led to expect. His majesty, however, shook hands with them; and they went on with numerous attendants teasing them for palm wine, iron, &c. &c. &c. On their journey they passed two streams. On the beach they noticed a hook attached to a fishing-line, made from the wood of a tree just at the part where a thorn grew, which formed the bend of the hook, and had a very sharp point. The yam enclosures are surrounded by stakes about seven feet high; and defended by traps against the animals which invade them.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JUNE.

21st day.—The Sun attains its highest northern declination in the left foot of Castor, eight minutes after it has passed the meridian; the greatest distance from the equinoctial, and consequent obliquity of its path, being 23 deg. 27 min. 33·7 sec. differing half a second from that of the former year; its obliquity diminishing that quantity annually, as determined from the most accurate observations,—which result agrees with considerable precision with theory. Physical astronomy shews that this approach of the ecliptic to the equinoctial arises from a change in the plane of the earth's orbit, occasioned by planetary action, and that it will never exceed a certain small limit. The sun continues 7 days, 16 hrs. 49 min. 32 sec. longer in the northern signs than in the southern; for the earth being from March to September in those parts of its orbit most remote from the sun, it moves slower: hence the summer is longer than the winter. About the last day of the month it will have attained its greatest distance, and the sun its least angle of 31 min. 31 sec. On this day the sun is vertical to the tropic of Cancer; the inhabitants of the antarctic circle have their deepest midnight; and those of the arctic, the full effulgence of the solar influence without intermission; while those who live on the arctic circle have only the half of his disc hid for a few minutes, when—

> The splendid sun, with re-ascending ray,
> Sheds o'er the northern world a flood of day;
> Serenely clear the heaven's blue concave glows,
> And glittering sun-shine gilds the mountain snows;
> The conscious skies the blushidly tint extend,
> Till with the azure dye its glories blend.

* The shield is part of a bullock's hide, spread out by two sticks in the form of a Latin cross: the perpendicular and longest stick, being intended to rest on the ground, affords protection to the whole body, while the person so covered can throw his spears.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

		D.	H.	M.
☾	Last Quarter, in Aquarius .	4	11	8
●	New Moon, in Taurus . .	11	23	12
☽	First Quarter, in Leo . .	20	2	52
○	Full Moon, in Sagittarius .	27	3	43

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mercury in Gemini	13	22	0
Saturn in Gemini	14	7	45
Venus in Cancer	15	17	0
Jupiter in Libra	22	21	0
Mars in Sagittarius	27	10	30

17th day, 12 h.—Mercury 1 deg. 38 min. north of the planet Saturn. 27th day.—Greatest elongation, and visible as an evening star.

Venus still continues the bright ornament of our summer evenings, and her appearance is connected with all that is delightful to the imagination.

> Star, that bringest home the bee,
> And sett'st the weary labourer free!
> If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
> That sendst it from above;
> Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
> Are sweet as hers we love.

13th day.—Venus is changing to a crescent form, and increasing in apparent magnitude as she approaches the earth, having four digits of her western limb illuminated, and an apparent diameter of 34 sec.

18th day, 17 h.—Mars in conjunction with σ Sagittarii. 30th day, 15 h.—In opposition. This position of Mars in its orbit relative to the earth, has long been of interest to the astronomer. Next to a transit of Venus over the sun's disc, it is the most eligible to determine the earth's distance from the sun; though observations of the transits of the one, and the opposition of the other, are methods of determination not immediate and direct; but which infer the distance required on the supposition that the planetary motions are known to a considerable degree of accuracy. A superior planet, at the time of opposition, is then nearest the earth, and its apparent place in the heavens coincides with its true place. The nature of the observation is to determine, with good instruments, at places in opposite hemispheres, separated each about 50 or 60 degrees from the equator, the position of the planet relative to the nearest fixed star at the same moment of absolute time: the difference of these distances will furnish sufficient data to solve the interesting problem. This has been done with considerable success from observations made at Stockholm, by Wargentin, and La Caille at the Cape of Good Hope; these places being nearly on the same meridian, differing only 19 min. 16 sec. in longitude, or 1 min. 17 sec. in time; a difference so small, as to require very little correction. La Caille observed Mars when 1 min. 25·8 sec. below λ Aquarii. Wargentin, at the same time, found it to be 1 min. 57·7 sec.; the difference of the two distances, 31·9 sec. Then, by a simple process, the horizontal parallax of Mars was found to be 23·6 sec. which approximated to that quantity found by another method. The last opposition of Mars occurred in May 1826, near 1 α Librae, from which it was distant on the 5th of that month, 10 hrs. 15 min.—1 deg. 19 min. 50 sec., in latitude 51 deg. 28 min. 40 sec. north, and longitude 50 sec. west. But it is manifest that this, with many other observations that were taken previously and succeeding the 5th of May, were perfectly useless, from want of corresponding ones in the southern hemisphere. Should such have been made, a comparison of these will furnish a confirmation or modification of those at the Cape and at Stockholm, in October 1751. Mars will be similarly circumstanced at the time mentioned above, (30th

day, 15 h.), in the constellation Sagittarius; and the most eligible stars from which to take its distance, will be ϵ and ϕ Sagittarii: when it is hoped that observations will be made, with a view to approximate to that accuracy which, to a certain extent, is still a desideratum in astronomy, — the parallax of the planetary bodies. An *approximation* is all that can be hoped for; for when the smalness of the angle is considered, the probable errors of observation will bear so large a proportion, as to affect the certainty of the result.

The planet Jupiter divides the empire of the evening with the beautiful Vesper; the former appearing in the mid-heaven, as Venus declines towards the western horizon.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First satellite	7	11	1	50
	30	11	14	32
Second satellite	3	11	47	30
Third satellite	4	10	18	21
	11	12	10	22

Saturn is fast advancing to the solar rays, and will soon cease to be visible as an evening star.

Uranus is in a favourable situation for observation, and passes the meridian at the following times respectively:—1st day, 15 hrs. 38 min.; 11th day, 14 hrs. 56 min.; 21st day, 14 hrs. 13 min.

Deptford. J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, May 23.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—Rev. R. Skinner, Sidney College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Bond, E. Holland, Trinity College; H. Roper, St. John's College; S. Barker, St. Peter's College; G. R. Barclay, Catharine Hall.

The Chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem by a resident undergraduate, was yesterday adjudged to Christopher Wordsworth, of Trinity College. Subject—*The Invasion of Russia by Napoleon Buonaparte.*

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MAY 15th.—*Experiments relative to the Effect of Temperature on the Refractive Index and Dispersive Power of Expansible Fluids, and on the Influence of these Changes in a Telescope with a Fluid Lens.* By Peter Barlow, F.R.S.

In a paper lately read to the Society, the author stated that he had not detected any change in the focal length of the telescope by changes of temperature; but he has since ascertained that, in order to obtain the brightest and most perfect image, the distance of the object-glass requires a minute adjustment, amounting to 0·134 of an inch, corresponding to an elevation of temperature from 57° to 84°, or a depression from 57° to 31°.

In order to introduce greater clearness and precision, the author proceeds to define certain terms which he finds it necessary to employ. By the *length of the telescope*, he would be understood to mean the distance between the object-glass and the focus; by the *fluid focus*, that between the fluid lens and the focus; and by the *focal power* of the telescope, he means the focal length of a telescope of the usual construction, which gives the same convergency to the rays, or produces an image of the same size.

As it is difficult to determine the refractive index of the fluid under different circumstances, from which their effect on the focal power of the telescope might be computed, Mr. Barlow endeavoured to ascertain by direct observations the effect of changes of temperature on the power of the telescope, and thence computes the corresponding change in the refractive index of the fluid. The result is the amount of adjustment already stated. The correction for angular measurements was the 60th part of a second in every minute for every degree of thermometric change; a quantity which, he observes, is too small to deserve notice, except in cases of extreme delicacy. The dispersions at 31° and at 84° are in the ratio of 3067 to 3084. The change in the refractive index between 32° and 212°, supposing it to increase uniformly, would be about one tenth of the whole, a proportion which is very nearly the same as the actual expansion of the fluid. Hence the author considers it as probable that in this, and all other expansible fluids, the index of refraction varies directly as the density: on the other hand, it would appear that the dispersive ratio remains at all temperatures constantly the same.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

IF, in our limited survey of the present Exhibition, we have confined ourselves principally to performances interesting in consequence of their historical or imaginative character, it has not been owing to any unfavourable feeling towards portrait-painting. On the contrary, we think the leading professors of that department of art have done themselves great credit by the skilful and diversified manner in which many of their subjects are treated. It is true that they make no great figure in the catalogue; but it frequently happens that under the simple title of "Portrait of a Lady," or "Portrait of a Gentleman," we find not only grace, dignity, or sentiment, but qualities which belong to the classic in art. In several cases we observe a desire to escape from the monotony of individual representation, by means of some accessory or action; as in No. 92, *Portrait of a Gentleman*, by H. P. Briggs, A. The disposition of the historical painter also shews itself in that gentleman's *Album*, No. 26; which is evidently a portrait, in masquerade. The same may be said of No. 11, *The Little Gleaner*, by Sir W. Beechey, R. A., in which we see a fine display of his rich and harmonious colouring. No. 147, *The Minstrel of Chamouni*, by H. W. Pickersgill, R. A., is, likewise, a firmly painted and pleasing variety of this class. It is not to be denied, however, that the great number of portraits,* most of them of very moderate pretensions, and some of them absolutely miserable, occupying, as they do, so much space, and such favourable situations, throw into shade many works of merit in other branches of the arts, the contemplation of which would afford much greater pleasure to the majority of the visitors of the Exhibition. As an instance,

No. 202. "*How sweet it is!*" L. Cosse.—We have no doubt that if this picture were placed within the range of sight, its humour and finish would render it as attractive as any in the room. The thought is not new, and has been happily illustrated by Mr. Hood, in his "Whims and Oddities," with the line from Moore's fine melody—"O! there's nothing half so sweet in life!" Whether, however, the artist has seen the sketch to which we allude, or not, is of little consequence. The plunder of a sugar hogshead is a matter of such frequent occurrence, and generally collects so animated a group, that it can hardly have escaped the eye of an observant painter. Mr. Cosse has treated his subject with great skill.

No. 183. *The Blackbird and his Tutor.* A. Fraser.—A very pleasing little performance, humble enough in its subject; but, like the works of Flemish art, rendered interesting by its character, effect, and execution.

No. 152. *East Cowes Castle, the seat of J. Nash, Esq.; the Regatta starting for their moorings.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—In returning to a notice of Mr. Turner's works, it is not, we are happy to say, with the purpose of repeating the reluctant animadversions which the extravagance of his style in the two pictures by him that have been already mentioned, demanded from our justice. The present performance, and perhaps still more strikingly its companion, No. 113, *East Cowes Castle, the seat of J. Nash, Esq.; the Regatta beating to windward*,—display so much excellence in the varied character and action of the vessels, the playful undulation of the water, and the brilliant and natural effect of the whole, that it would be prejudice indeed not cordially to acknowledge that Mr. Turner has in these fine works renewed and confirmed his ancient claims to our admiration of his splendid talents.

Before finally quitting the Great Room, we must point out several performances which, though affording little matter for comment, well deserve the attention of the visitor. Among them are—No. 178, *The Standard Bearer*, a bold sketch, by Sir J. Stuart, Bart. H.; No. 84, *A Landscape*, very creditable to the talents of Sir William Elford, Bart. H.; Nos. 79 and 94, two exceedingly clever *Portraits of Ladies, with views of interiors*, by W. Long; No. 58, *Near Bonchurch, Isle of Wight*, a beautiful and natural piece of scenery, by T. Grieve; No. 217, *Echo*, a romantic and enchanting composition, by G. Arnald; No. 163, *The Conflict*, H. Singleton; and No. 27, *Sir Calepine rescuing Serena*, H. P. Bone; two striking and spirited productions; and No. 5, *The Good Samaritan*, J. M. Leigh, a picture of considerable promise.

ANTIQUE ACADEMY.

In this oddly assorted assemblage of paintings, drawings, miniatures, and engravings, there are so many that are either (to use a well-known painter's phrase) "toned down" for want of light, or rendered invisible from being hung in direct opposition to it, that, although in the catalogue they are described as works of art, they might really, in consequence of the miserable situations in which they are placed, be almost any thing else. We shall, however, mention some of those that may be seen; and do what we can to "drag" a few others "from their drear abode."

No. 490. *Portrait of His Majesty, from a Drawing by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.* R. J. Lane, A.E.—This very clever performance, executed on stone by Mr. Lane, may be considered a perfect fac-simile of the original drawing. There is a memorandum attached to it, we presume in the hand-writing of Sir Thomas, importing that it was in the year 1814 that his Majesty was graciously pleased to permit him to make the drawing; which, certainly, as a most pleasing resemblance (*en profile*), as well as a spirited and tasteful work

* In the Great Room, out of 226 Nos. there are 109 declared portraits; in the School of Painting, out of 148, there are 56; in the Ante-Room, out of 113, there are 43. Thus, in the three rooms, there are 208 declared portraits, out of 487 Nos. Many of the Nos., however, which profess to be other subjects, are, in fact, portraits; and therefore this, the principal part of the Exhibition, may be fairly said to be half portrait. Now, let us go down stairs. There are, in the Antique Academy, 311 Nos. which are portraits; and even in the Library there are 17. Some of these are sets in frames; so that the whole number of faces, on canvass, panel, ivory, and paper, is fully 600. We say nothing of the portraits of dogs, horses, and other beasts. Add to this, that in the Sculpture Room, out of 80 works, 48 are portraits. Was there ever so crowded a Vanity Fair!

of art, ranks among the best that we have seen from the masterly crayon of the accomplished President.

The Enamels by H. Bone, R.A. are in their usual style of finished excellence, and will perpetuate copies of the following valuable and characteristic paintings: No. 502, *His Majesty when Prince of Wales, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the possession of Col. Braddyll*; No. 503, *Sir Anthony Carlisle, by M. A. Shee, Esq. R.A.*; No. 515, *Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto, in the collection of the Marquess of Lansdowne*; No. 516, *an Angel, by Albano*; and No. 517, *The Countess of Somerset, in the gallery of the Duke of Bedford, Woburn Abbey.* —Under the Nos. 500, 504, 505, and 506, will be found other enamel pictures, of very considerable merit, by W. Essex, W. Plant, and J. W. Higham.

No. 509. *The Sisters.* A. E. Chalon, R.A. —The works of this able artist occupy a considerable portion of the walls of the Antique Academy, and are all of them highly attractive. That immediately under our notice is a fine composition; and is executed with a union of vigour and delicacy which renders it perfectly fascinating. With reference to No. 533, *La Collazione*, we would ask, why not call it, in plain English, "The Collation;" except, indeed, the foreign title has been chosen to suit the costume and appearance of the ladies? And here we must once more protest against the too ready disposition of artists to imitate the hideous head-gear by which our fair countrywomen of the present day succeed, as far as their native loveliness will permit, in disfiguring themselves. Artists ought to lead the fashion in dress, not follow it. Are the extemporaneous and execrable inventions of some vulgar, ignorant, and flippant French milliner, to be put for a moment in competition with the pure and refined taste derived from the study, through a long course of years, of all that is beautiful and graceful in nature and art? Forbid it, common sense!—It must be allowed, however, in justice to Mr. Chalon, that he commits this error in a way as little offensive as possible; for it is with difficulty that he can dissociate elegance from the efforts of his pencil.

No. 548. *Portrait.* R. Bowyer.—Under this unassuming title will be found one of the most singularly executed heads that have, perhaps, ever appeared in a public exhibition. It is of the size of life, painted in water-colours, and finished as highly as a miniature. At the same time, however, it possesses great breadth, force, and solidity; the gradations of tone are admirably preserved; and there is an air of reality about it which we have seldom seen equalled. We have been the more desirous to mention this curious and elaborate work, because the place which it occupies is so unfavourable, that we question if one in a hundred of the visitors to Somerset House sees it at all.

No. 558. *Study in chalk of a Child's Head.* B. R. Haydon.—This is only a slight performance; but it shews as much of character in its few, as the last-mentioned work does in its multitudinous touches.

BRITISH GALLERY.

THE annual treat with which the governors of the British Institution furnish the town, by opening their gallery with a collection of the works of the old masters, began for the present year on Wednesday last. Without meaning to say that we have not seen similar collections, at former periods, which, upon the whole, have, perhaps, been more interesting, we should be unjust and ungrateful were we not to avow the high delight which the assemblage now on view has afforded us. It is composed of nearly two hundred pictures; and is not confined to one school, but contains specimens of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch masters. In the Spanish school it is especially rich; and if we may judge from the contributions of the Duke of Wellington, his grace's acquisitions in the arts in the Peninsula were almost equal to his achievements in arms. An exhibition of this nature is not a proper subject for detailed criticism; but we cannot refrain from expressing our unqualified admiration of the works of Velasquez. One in particular—a portrait of a Spanish gentleman—seems absolutely alive; so piercing is its expression, and so powerful is its general effect. Murillo also shines with great lustre in these rooms, as likewise does Spagnoletto. There are several of Salvator Rosa's grandest and fiercest pictures; and these are happily contrasted by the amenity of the pencil of Claude. But, as we have already observed, we must abstain from particular remark, and content ourselves with stating, that Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Sebastiano del Piombo, Titian, Parmegiano, Guido, Caravaggio, Domenichino, the Caraccis, Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Guercino, Paul Veronese, Carlo Dolce, Cuyp, A. del Sarto, Schidone, Teniers, Francesco Vanni, Sassa Ferrata, Bassan, Garafolo, Jan de Bellini, F. Mola, Albano, Poussin, Ruysdael, Wouvermans, Paul Potter, Maes (such pictures!), Berghem, F. Bol, Vanderneer, Hobbima, Snyders, Hondekoeter, De Hooge, Vandervelde, Canaletti, P. da Cortona, Jan Steen, Backhuysen, Du Sart, K. du Jardin, Bourgognone, Pynacker, Luini, Pens, Fyt, Boltrapio, Van Huysum, &c. combine to form this pictorial banquet; which, like all feasts of an intellectual nature, has this advantage over those of another description, that the tables will always be found fully served; and that the guests, if in mental health, will always find their appetites equally keen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

View in the Chapel of Henry VII. in the Abbey Church, Westminster; West Front of the Cathedral Church of York; Choir of the Cathedral Church of York; View in the Transept of Ely Cathedral. From Drawings by C. Wild. R. Jennings.

FOUR beautiful aquatinta prints; conveying, especially if coloured, a faithful idea of the magnificent and venerable edifices which they are intended to represent. The interior of Henry the Seventh's chapel is admirable.

The Wolf and the Lamb. Engraved by J. H. Robinson, from a Picture painted by W. Mulready, R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WHETHER we consider the intrinsic merit of this print, or the purpose to which the munificent spirit of Mr. Mulready has induced him to devote a moiety of the pecuniary benefit that would otherwise have accrued to him from its publication,* we cannot but regard it with a most favourable eye. It is indeed a fine specimen of that style of art, to the attainment of excellence in which English genius seems principally to direct its efforts; namely, the illustration of familiar life. To all the beauty of effect and height of finish which distinguish the best Flemish masters, is here added an interest, of which their works are in general destitute:—a domestic story is simply, but perspicuously and affectingly, told. The original picture, however, excited too much notice and admiration when it was exhibited some years ago at Somerset House, and we at that time entered too largely into its merits, to render it necessary for us, on the present occasion, to say any thing further than that Mr. Robinson has been very successful in transferring to copper the various and contrasted expression with which Mr. Mulready so powerfully imbued the personages of his little pictorial drama.

Portraits of His Majesty, and of His Royal Highness the late Duke of York. Engraved by J. Bromley, from Pictures by R. Bowyer. Published by the latter.

A PAIR of very noble mezzotinto prints, powerfully resembling the illustrious and dignified originals. They do infinite credit to the talents both of Mr. Bowyer and of Mr. Bromley.

Mademoiselle Sontag, as the Lady of the Lake. Sketched from Life by H. Humphries. A. Marshall.

A SLIGHT lithographic whole-length, evidently the production of a young artist; but simple and pleasing.

Mont Blanc, from the Valley of Chamouni. Engraved by T. Lupton, from a Picture by W. de la Motte. Bulcock.

As faithful an idea as perhaps it is possible to convey on so small a scale of so stupendous an object.

The Traveller attacked. Engraved by W. Giller, from a Picture by D. T. Egerton. Bulcock.

TWO to one are fearful odds; and although the honest man's cudgel seems to have laid the first ruffian low, we are apprehensive that the pistol of the second is too correctly pointed not to be effective. The composition is good, and the light well managed; but is not the moon somewhat of the largest?

The Golden Gift. W. B. Cooke.

THE second Number of this elegant little work has just appeared, and deserves as high praise as its precursor, the Antique Vases. It contains seven views in Italy, printed in gold; they are beautifully executed, and admirably adapted to the decoration of the scrap-book and album.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS.

ON Saturday grand concerts were given both at the King's Theatre and Drury Lane, to which the principal vocal and instrumental performers clubbed their talents. We are certainly becoming a very musical people; for we have concerts at all hours of the day and night, and every day throughout the week, at one place of entertainment or another.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Original Sacred Music, with Original Poetry; dedicated, with permission, to the King. Compiled and arranged by A. Pettet.

WHEN we see such highly-gifted authors as Mrs. Joanna Baillie, Miss Bowles, Bernard Barton, William Knox, J. Montgomery, the Rev. H. H. Milman, Mrs. Opie, R. Southey, &c.; and such esteemed musical professors as Messrs. Atwood, Bishop, J. B. Cramer, Crotch, Callcot, C. Evans, J. Goss, Horsley, Holder, J. Jolly, Linley, Novello, Shield, C. Smith, Walmesley, S. Wesley, &c., uniting in aid of

* To the Artists' Benevolent Fund. See the *Literary Gazette* of the 17th instant. The other moiety, we believe, is given to the Artists' Fund.

this work, we open the volume with the expectation of being highly gratified; nor (on inspection) are we disappointed. The work, as a whole, we can recommend as an excellent selection, well calculated for its intended purpose. If the Editor had been content with the credit of a mere compiler, we should have been better satisfied, as we do not think his compositions and arrangements of harmony any recommendations of the work; but the excellence of all the other parts will secure it a favourable reception from a discerning and music-loving public.

A Sentiment set to Music, for Three Voices. J. M. Harris.

WHOEVER is the author of this, has produced one of the prettiest and sweetest trios in the whole circle of modern music.

Introduction, and Variations, &c. on the Melody of "Cease your funning," by Louisa Pyne. J. B. Cramer; Addison and Beale.

THIS is said to be composed by a girl of fourteen years of age, and must be considered a very extraordinary production. The only fault we have to find with it, is, that the air is not sufficiently preserved throughout.

Oh no, though I was taught to think. The Words by W. H. Hands; Music by C. W. Glover.

ONE of the many answers to the beautiful air, "Oh no, we never mention her," and, like its prototype, sweet and pretty; but still far inferior to the original composition.

When dews descend, and flowrets close; Serenade, sung by Miss Goward. The Poetry by W. C. Smith; Music by E. Merriott. H. Falkner.

THIS is a very pretty air, and savours much of one of older date. The same composer has, "Oh no, we never mention her," with some really beautiful variations — (Goulding and D'Almaine):—and "The smile of her I love," also a pleasing air.

Ellen, you told me; Canzonet. Music by J. R. Merriott. Falkner.

PRETTY well: nothing remarkable.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday *Otello* was repeated with much improved acting, and greater effect than before. Sontag threw more feeling into her *Desdemona*, and augmented her fame on this occasion. Some complaints about filling the pit before the doors were opened, led to very unpleasant consequences. A *row*, in which M. Laporte was knocked down, formed part of this extra-dramatic episode.

DRURY LANE.

A COMEDY in three acts, called *Ups and Downs, or the Ladder of Life*, was performed at old Drury; the climbing and descent of which dramatic ladder was assigned to no less able a hodman than Mr. Liston, as *Mr. Felix Mudberry*, a vulgar and worldly man, mixing folly with cunning, and compounding presumption with *mauvaise honte*. As he gets up the steps by the aid of good fortune, he changes his plans, and abandons in turns *Kitty Corderoy* (a city Miss, Love), and *Amelia Mammonton* (a gentler heroine, Ellen Tree), for the hope of uniting himself to a higher match in *Lady Charlewood* (Miss I. Paton). But he is by reverses tumbled down as fast as he had risen; and in his fall endeavours to catch at those whom he had previously deserted,—is rejected by all, and goes to the ground unpitied. The ladies, of course, have other choices; and in the end are united to the objects of their inclinations, *Miss Corderoy* taking to herself *Christopher Higgins* (J. Russell), her father's warehouseman,—*Miss Mammonton* preferring an Earl of the title of *Delamere* (Mr. Hooper), and *Lady Charlewood* doing the matrimonial agreeable with *Mr. Mammonton* (Mr. Cooper). Besides these parties, we have characters incidental to the piece: *Jack Pointer*, a fashionable match-maker (Mr. Jones); the *Dowager Lady Delamere* (Mrs. Davison); and *Mrs. Corderoy* (Mrs. C. Jones). The comedy was somewhat heavy on the first night, but the weight might be easily taken off; and we have no doubt it ran smoother, faster, and more spiritedly, on repetition. Liston made as much as possible of a character which we do not consider to be one of the best-suited to his talents; it was, nevertheless, very ludicrous, and admirably acted. Next to him in humour we must rank Mrs. C. Jones, who played a cockney dame, attempting to be fine, and talking most preposterously, with great unction. Jones was, as ever, full of vivacity, and hit-off his part excellently. Mrs. Davison was also happy in her antiquated efforts, and Cooper was very effective; but indeed we ought to bestow the meed of praise on almost every performer we have named, who all did their utmost to carry the author through successfully, which they accomplished; so that he has only now to look for the *Ups*, and disregard the *Downs*. The piece is from the French popular drama *les Trois Quartiers;* the plot simple, yet dramatic; and the dialogue lively and natural. The neatness and airiness of the latter made amends for the want of that bustle in which John Bull delights.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON the same evening a very sweet little opera, in two acts, by Mr. Planché, and composed by Signor Liverati, was produced at this theatre. It is entitled *Carron Side, or the Fête Champêtre;* and the plot and incidents are far superior to the dramatic vehicles usually constructed for drawing the music along. The scene is laid in Scotland, where *Colonel Campbell* (Blanchard) has a lovely daughter, *Grace* (Miss Cawse), whom he destines in wedlock for *Captain Allan Lindsay*, a gallant sailor (Mr. Sapio). But the captain has already surrendered his heart, and struck his flag to *Blanche Mackay* (Miss Stephens), a protegé of the colonel's, and reputed grand-child to one of his faithful followers, *Donald Mackay* (Bartley), an ancient trumpeter of the Scots Greys. To balance the heiress's loss in the captain, he has a military brother, *Cornet Hector Lindsay* (Mr. Wood), on whom the young lady secretly bestows her affections. *Sandy Sanderson* (Keeley), owner of the ferry, and his wify *Janet* (Miss Goward), sustain a lower range of character, and throw an air of drollery and merriment over the drama, which happily relieves the parts that are of an interesting cast, and affords room both for scenic and musical contrasts. We do not remember to have witnessed the first night of a more pleasing and successful performance: every one seemed charmed; and dialogue, poetry, music, and acting, gave equal satisfaction. There were several encores; and the compositions will long be favourites at the pianoforte. Mr. Planché's songs are not only beautiful, but full of what he has aimed at—Scots character. We are sorry we can do no more than subjoin two specimens:

"O! 'tis sweet at noon to stray
By the Carron's winding way,
Where the silver birches shiver
O'er the deeply dimpling river,
Which, like some coy beauty flies,
Trembling, to that shady cover,
From the sun, her glorious lover;
Who, adown the cloudless skies,
Rushing through the leafy bower,
Woos her in a golden shower,
As of old his father Jove
Won the maid of Argos' love!

Boot and saddle, bonnie Scot,
The foe! the foe's in sight, man!
Out wi' sword, and in wi' shot,
And shew that ye can fight, man!
See the saucy flag unfold,
Where Scotland's lion 'ramps in gold,'
Charge, my Highland birkies bold,
For royal Geordie's right, man!
Boot and saddle! bonnie Scot,
Shew that ye can fight, man!
Stint ye neither steel nor shot
For royal Geordie's right, man!

Brawly done, my bonnie Scot,
Ye've proved your Highland blude, man!
Sheathe the sword, and spare the shot,
They're brithers when subdued, man!
Furl old Scotia's flag o' flame,
Her bluidy lion now is tame;
But wow! he played a gallant game
For royal Geordie's gude, man!
Boot and saddle! bonnie Scot,
Hame wi' a' your might, man!
Love and honour be his lot,
Wha' strikes for Geordie's right, man!"

Different modes of announcing similar matters were exemplified in the play-house bills of Wednesday; Drury Lane being "for the benefit of Mr. Harley," and Covent Garden "Madame Vestris's Night." Both are deservedly popular favourites, and both had bumpers, notwithstanding their various ways of inviting their friends.

VARIETIES.

American Shipping.—By a list lately published in the New York papers, it appears that there belong to that port 595 vessels of different sizes; viz. 96 ships, 124 brigs, 137 schooners, 167 sloops, 24 tow-boats, and 43 steam-boats; besides a number of coasters, employed in the Sound, the North Sea, and elsewhere. Of the 96 ships, 33, whose tonnage amounts to 16,000 tons, were built at New York.

The Hon. Mrs. Anne Damer, whose sculptured works we mentioned only in our last No., died on Wednesday, at an advanced age. She was one of the few ladies of high family and rank who have devoted themselves to the cultivation of the Fine Arts in a superior degree; and her productions are well known to the public. They are generally graceful and elegant.

The Thames Tunnel has again been opened to visitors, and the shaft cleared for, we are told, 300 yards, to admit of the inspection of the curious.

Mr. Thomas Park.—The death of this African traveller, the son of Mungo Park, having been attributed to poison, administered by the priests, in revenge for his interference with some religious ceremony of the natives—a gentleman of Selkirk (the residence of his family and friends) has addressed a letter to the Edinburgh Journal, in which he rescues the memory of young Park from the imputation of this imprudence, and states that he died on the 31st of October, of the yellow fever, after an illness of nine days, during which, Akitto, the king of Aquambo, treated him with the greatest kindness. His papers and effects were sent to Captain Fry, the commandant of Accra, and have arrived in England by the Esk.

Medical Benevolent Association.—The Tenth

or Twelfth Anniversary of an association of the medical profession, in aid of their less prosperous brethren, takes place to-day, at the Albion Tavern. We notice this in the hope of serving so excellent a cause; for though we are not intimately acquainted with the details of the Institution, we know enough of them to be sensible that they relieve much distress, and produce much good, and that the Society is well worthy of the support of every medical man.

Pictures.—Mr. Zachary's well-selected collection of pictures, consisting of about sixty of the best masters (principally Dutch and Flemish), are submitted to the hammer to-day, by Mr. Phillips. The taste and judgment of their owner is a sufficient pledge for their excellence: many of them are, indeed, very choice productions; and the view of them is alone enough to command the attendance of every amateur.

Hume.—On the publication of his History, Hume received the compliments of the three young princes of France, sons of the Dauphin; —the Duc de Berry (Louis XVI.), the Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII.), and the Comte d'Artois (Charles X.). It was an extraordinary spectacle, at a court pretending to be Catholic, to see a child of four years' old, the Comte d'Artois, taught to prattle a eulogy on a philosopher who had run down all religious creeds; or who, at least, had manifested towards them an indifference a thousand times more injurious than active hostility!—*French Critic.*

Mustaches.—H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland's order to his regiment of horse-guards to stain their mustaches of a prescribed and uniform colour, has revived, in the convivial parties of that distinguished corps, the brave Wolfe's favourite song:—

"Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Whose business is to *dye*!"

Botany.—Recent microscopical observations afford some reason to suspect that the *conferva zonata* of Linnæus, an aquatic production, the green colour of which has hitherto led to its being considered a plant, is endowed with animal life.

Gastronomy.—A French critic, speaking of a work called "Les Méditations de Gastronomie transcendante," by the late M. Brillat-Savarin, says that "it is full of wit, originality, and even of a kind of very agreeable erudition"!

Crustaceous Fish.—In all crustaceous fish the gills are as fit to perform the functions of respiratory organs in the atmospheric air as in water; but when the gills become dry by evaporation, the fish die. In land-crabs there is a contrivance of nature to absorb and keep in reserve the quantity of water necessary to maintain the lungs in a proper hygrometrical state.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Universal Prayer, a Poem, by Robert Montgomery, Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. is announced.

Dick Martin, the late M.P., better known by the *sobriquet* of Humanity Martin, is, we hear with anticipations of delight, writing an Account of his Life and Times.

An octavo edition of Mr. Waterton's Wanderings in America is announced. The cayman will consequently be reduced in size!

Captain George Beauclerk, 10th regiment, who, with another officer of the garrison at Gibraltar, accompanied Dr. Brown, in July 1826, on a Medical Mission to the Sultan of Morocco, is about to publish an account of his travels, under the title of a Journey to Morocco.

The Byzantine Historians.—That able, learned, and indefatigable writer, M. Niebuhr (the author of the celebrated Roman History), has undertaken the superintendence of the republication of the Byzantine Historians. Agathias has already appeared, and will soon be followed by Cantacuzenus.

Russia.—The Emperor of Russia has just sent to M. Charles Pougens, Member of the French Academy, the order of Saint Anne; accompanied by a letter as flattering as honourable, from the Empress Maria to this laborious academician, so well known throughout Europe by his works of profound learning, as well as, more recently, by his productions of a lighter kind; and, among others, by his collection of Tales in Verse.

The Talmud.—The Jewish religion, as is generally known, is founded on two bases: the one is the written, the other the oral law. The written law is contained in the Bible; the oral law exists in that vast compilation called the Talmud. The translation of the Talmud into the French language has been undertaken by several Polish Hebraists. It will be preceded by an Essay, entitled Theory of Judaism, applied to the Reformation of the Jews.

Mr. Britton announces that the letter-press of the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy will be ready for delivery, gratis, to the subscribers, on or before the first of July; and that the letter-press with the last Number of Peterborough Cathedral will be ready at the same time.

No. I. of Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities, is announced, with 12 Engravings, by and under the direction of J. Le Keux.

In the Press.—A Second Edition of Poems, by Mr. Chandos Leigh: to which will be added, a Fourth Epistle to a Friend in Town.—A Vindication of the Church of England from the imputation of Inconsistency and Uncharitableness, in retaining the Athanasian Creed in her Liturgy, by the Rev. W. T. Myers, A.M.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Opie's Detraction Displayed, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Auldjo's Ascent to Mont Blanc, 4to. 1l. 1s. bds.—Smith's Compendium Floræ Britannicæ, fifth edition, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Tytler's History of Scotland, Vol. I. 8vo. 12s. bds. —Roberton on Mortality of Children, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Best's Transrhenane Memoirs, 8vo. 8s. bds. — Elmsley's Bacchæ and Hersaclidæ Translated, 8vo. 4s. 6d. sewed.—Edinburgh Medical Transactions, Vol. III. Part I. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Snow's Minor Poems, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—D'Israeli's Charles I. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters, by Dallaway, 5 vols. royal 8vo. 10l. 10s.; India proofs, 15l. 15s. bds.—Mitford's Our Village, Vol. III. post 8vo. 9s. bds.—Walsh's (Dr.) Journey from Constantinople to England, 8vo. 12s. bds. — At Home, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Memoirs of Savary, Duke of Rovigo, English Vers. 8vo. 16s. bds.—Rennie on Gout, Apoplexy, &c. 8vo. 8s. bds.—Alcock's Hospitals of Paris, 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Marriage, by O'Donoghue, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Bailey's Exposition of the Parables, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Pusey's Theology of Germany, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Williams's Missionary Gazetteer, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Jewsbury's Letters to the Young, fcp. 6s. bds.—Blunt's Lectures, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Ely's Memoirs of Mary Anne Ely, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Horsey's Lectures to Young Persons, 8vo. 8s. bds.—History of Italy, from the Italian of Botta, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 6s. bds.—Vittoria, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. bds.—The Puffiad, a Satire, post 8vo. 6s. bds.—Niels Klim's Subterraneous Travels, crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Milne's Plans for Floating-off Stranded Vessels, 8vo. 3s. sewed.—Fankay's Rhymes in Geography, 12mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Parsing Lessons to Homer's Iliad, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Thirty-Two Illustrations to Novels, Tales, and Romances, by Sir Walter Scott, 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.; 4to. 2l. 8s.—Eccelino da Romano, by Viscount Dillon, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Evenings of Mental Recreation, 18mo. 4s. 6d. hf.-bd.—De la Voye's French Pronunciation, post 4to. 7s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

Map.	*Thermometer.*		*Barometer.*	
Thursday .. 22	From 47. to 63.		29.54 to	29.56
Friday 23	—— 45. — 64.		29.57 —	29.53
Saturday .. 24	—— 51. — 62.		29.43 —	29.40
Sunday 25	—— 51. — 63.		29.61 —	29.74
Monday.... 26	—— 45. — 68.		29.74 —	29.62
Tuesday .. 27	—— 45. — 63.		29.46 —	Stat.
Wednesday 28	—— 45. — 62.		29.46 —	29.57

Wind variable, prevailing S.E., N.E., and S.W.
Generally cloudy, with heavy rain.
Rain fallen 1·375 inches.
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37′ 39″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We request attention to our remarks (see Review) on the important question of supplying the metropolis with wholesome water; the more particularly, as we observe there is to be a meeting on the subject next Monday, the requisition for which is most respectably signed.

Byronians No. II. in our next.

The publications of Mr. Colburn are at this time absolutely too numerous and rapid for us:

Panting Reviews toil after them in vain.

ERRATA.—In our critique on the Exhibition last week, Nos. 383, Sharp's Sailor's Wedding, and 411, a Landscape, by F. R. Lee, were misprinted 363 and 401.—Also in the notice of the Rivals, *for* "rejected marine" *read* "rejected rival"—the man is in the army.—In the account of Captain Foster's paper, p. 331, col 1, line 4 from bottom, *for* "tension" *read* "torsion."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL. The Gallery, with a Selection of the Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.
Society of British Artists. The Fifth Annual Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Art by Living British Artists, is open daily, from Nine till Six.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
JOS. CARTWRIGHT, Secretary.
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

Fall of Nineveh, Deluge, &c. &c. &c.

THE EXHIBITION of the above PICTURES, by MR. MARTIN, the Painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," &c. &c. is now open, at the Western Exchange, Old Bond Street, from Nine till Six o'Clock.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
Subscriptions for the Prints of the Fall of Nineveh, and Deluge, are received at the Exhibition Room, and at Mr. Martin's, 30, Allsop Terrace.

EXHIBITION.—LODGE'S PORTRAITS of the most Illustrious Characters of English History, from the Galleries of the Nobility, and from Public Collections. To be viewed, with Tickets only, which may be had, free of expense, upon application at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, No. 4, Pall Mall East.
This Exhibition has been opened to display the whole Series of Subjects in Mr. Lodge's Work of the Portraits and Memoirs of the most Illustrious Personages of English History. The success of this Work having been altogether without precedent, and the Plates in consequence being exhausted and incapable of supplying the increasing demand for fine impressions, long prior to the Work having attained completion, it has been resolved, for the purpose of keeping pace with the increasing patronage of the Public, to engrave an entirely fresh set, with the same regard to excellence as that which is now in course of publication; and in order to meet the convenience of every class of purchasers, to recommence the publication of this Work in monthly numbers, and thus introduce it at an easy rate to the shelves of every well-furnished book-case in the Kingdom.

Plan of Publication.

1. A Number will be regularly published every Month, containing three highly finished Portraits, with their corresponding Memoirs, in imperial 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

2. The Work will be sold at every Bookseller's in the Kingdom, and delivered monthly with the Magazines and Reviews.

Subscribers are requested to forward their names either to the Publishers, or to their respective Booksellers in any part of the Kingdom; but with directions to have them forwarded to the London Publishers forthwith, because the best Impressions will be appropriated to the first Subscribers; and unless Orders are registered in the Subscription Book at the Publishers, the earliest Impressions cannot be assured to Country Booksellers.

The edition of the Work now publishing every two months, will be continued with the same regularity and excellence as have attended it from its commencement; and by adding Sixty additional Subjects to those already in the course of publication, the Work will be carried through the last Century to the Death of Nelson; thus perpetuating in one collected Series, the Portraits and Memoirs of all the most eminent Persons of the Country, from the first Introduction of Portrait Painting to the present time.

London: Published for Harding and Lepard, Pall Mall East.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to the proposed MONUMENTAL TROPHY to His late MAJESTY, are requested to meet the Committee and the Sub-Committee, at the Thatched House Tavern, on Wednesday next, the 4th of June, at Two o'Clock precisely, for the purpose of determining on some Plan for completing the Work, and other Business.
By order of the Sub-Committee,
C. BLEADEN, Secretary.

DR. ARMSTRONG'S LECTURES on the MORBID ANATOMY, NATURE, and TREATMENT of ACUTE and CHRONIC DISEASES. Dr. Armstrong will commence his Summer Course of Lectures on the above Subjects, on the 9th of June, at half-past Four o'Clock, at the Webb Street School of Anatomy and Medicine.
For further particulars, apply to Dr. Armstrong, 48, Russell Square; or to Mr. Highley, Medical Bookseller, 174, Fleet Street, and Webb Street, Maze Pond, Borough.

Dedicated, by special permission, and patronised by His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, Lord High Admiral of England, &c. &c. &c.

SHIPPING and CRAFT. Part IV. will be published on the 1st of June. Royal 4to. 2s. 6d.; imperial 4to. 4s.; India paper, 5s. each Part.
London: Published by Messrs. Arch; Carpenter and Son; Jennings; Longman and Co.; Moon, Boys, and Graves; and Allen and Bridges, Birmingham; Curtis, Plymouth; Deighton, Cambridge; Wakeman, Dublin; and George Cooke, Hackney.

LONDON and its VICINITY.
By GEORGE COOKE.
No. IX. will be published on the 1st of June, and No. X. on the 1st of August. From Drawings by Calcot, Stanfield, Prout, Harding, &c. &c. &c. Imperial 8vo. 5s.; imperial 4to. 7s. 6d.; and on India paper, 10s. 6d. each Part.
Published by Messrs. Arch; Longman and Co.; Carpenter and Son; and George Cooke, Hackney.

FULL-LENGTH PORTRAITS of the DUKE of WELLINGTON, DUKE of DEVONSHIRE, and MARQUESS of ANGLESEA, in their Coronation Robes, highly coloured to imitate Drawing, are just published by Colnaghi, Son, and Co. Printsellers to the King, Pall Mall East. The Portraits are taken from a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, price 1l. 1s. each.

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Of whom may be had,

Interior of a Convent. Same size as the above. Prints 21*s.*

"To those that have not had an opportunity of visiting scenes like those here represented, these prints will convey a very faithful representation of the character of such places of devotion and their occupants. The principal feature in them, and that for which they will be chiefly admired, independently of their moral interest, is the very skilful manner in which the perspective and light are managed."—*Athenæum.*

Under the Patronage of the Lord High Admiral.

Battle of Navarino.

This day is published, by Colnaghi, Son, and Co. Printsellers to the King, Pall Mall East, a Series of Thirteen Lithographic Drawings of

THE BATTLE of NAVARINO.

By J. P. REINAGLE,

Who was on board of the Mosquito during the Action.

Price of the Series, 1*l.* 10*s.*; the Impression on India paper, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

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VOYAGE PITTORESQUE de CONSTANTINOPLE et des RIVES de BOSPHORE, d'après les Dessins de M. Melling, Dessinateur et Architecte de la Sultane Hadidge, Sœur de Selim III. In 2 vols. atlantic folio, containing, with the Text by M. Lacretelle, 52 Plates of the largest size, a Plan of the City of Constantinople, and of the Suburbs, both in Europe and Asia, and a Topographical Map of the Bosphorus and Environs. Price 70*l.*

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2. **D'Ohsson, Tableau général de l'Empire Othoman**, 3 vols. folio, with 137 fine Plates. Price 20*l.*

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ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES of NORMANDY.

J. Britton informs the Subscribers to this Work, that the Letter-press Descriptives of the Eighty Engravings already published will be ready for delivery on or before the 1st of July next: he deeply regrets the delay that has occurred. Persons possessing the Prints, and the Cheque delivered with the last Number, are requested to forward the Cheques to the parties from whom they received the Work, and the Letter-press will be sent to them. This contains Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Churches of Caen, Rouen, Bayeux, &c., with an Introductory Essay on the Characteristics of Norman Architecture, &c.

Robson's Views of English Cities. J. Britton acquaints the Patrons of this Work and the Public, that he intends to destroy most of the Copper-plates, after 250 large paper and 500 small paper Impressions are worked; whereby the original Subscribers will have a guarantee that the publication will never appear with worn-out impressions; and that it will not be depreciated and degraded in public estimation, as has been the case with some other books of prints.

History, &c. of Peterborough Cathedral. The Historical and Descriptive Letter-press in the last Number of this Work will be ready with the Letter-press of Normandy. Both are far advanced in printing.

No. I. of Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities, with Twelve Engravings by, and under the direction of, Mr. J. Le Keux, will be published on the 1st of July. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* medium 4to.; and 2*l.* imperial 4to.

May 23, 1828.

R. Montgomery, Esq.

THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE for June 1828, price 1*s.* will contain a highly finished Portrait (taken expressly for this Work) and Memoir of R. Montgomery, Esq. Author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. &c.

Published by H. Fisher, Son, and Co. Newgate Street, London.

New Biographical Magazine. Conducted by the Editors of the "General Biographical Dictionary."

On the 30th May, price 5*s.*

THE QUARTERLY BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE, No. I.

Contents: William Gifford—John Mason Good—Anthony Robinson—Canut Lanjuinais—Postscript—William Kitchiner, M.D.—Rev. John Evans, LL.D.—Claude Denis Raoul—John Jones, LL.D.—Miss Benger—Appendix—Literariana—New Publications—Scientific Intelligence, &c.

Hunt and Clarke, York Street, Covent Garden.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for June, price 2*s.* 6*d.* contains—I. Catholic Resolutions; the Treaty of Limerick—II. Meditations upon Mountains—III. The Court of Chancery—IV. A Night at Sempione—V. Mexico and Mexican Illustrations—VI. The Dreamer, by F. H.—VII. Hajji Baba in England—VIII. Retzsch's Hamlet—IX. The Cave of Bar Hasaan —X. Lord Dillon's Poem, Eccelino da Romano, with Extracts—Reviews of the Publications of the Month—Theatres, Exhibitions—List of Works in preparation, and Works published—Scientific and Literary Varieties—Obituary of Distinguished Persons —Reports—Provincial Intelligence, &c. &c.

Published by G. B. Whittaker.

By whom is also published, embellished by a Portrait of the Right Hon. Harriet Countess of Sheffield,

La Belle Assemblée, for June, containing the Forty-second of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility. The Number, which is a double one, contains Twelve Figures of the London and Parisian Fashions, appropriately coloured and described. Its literary contents consist of a Review at full length of Lord Dillon's new Poem of Eccelino da Romano, with copious Extracts—Marian Godfrey, a Sketch of 1651—Jaire's Mythology—Helena of Altenburg—Original Poetry—Notices of New Works—Exhibitions—Theatres, &c. &c. with Title-page, Index, &c. &c. to complete the Volume, which exhibits the Portraits of the Countess of Sheffield—Lady Isabella Jemima Mann—Countess of Guilford—Lady Burke—Lady Forrester—and Mrs. Fitzgerald. Those in preparation are, Her Serene Highness Princess Feodore—Marchioness of Wellesley—Lady de Clifford—Viscountess Dillon—Lady Henry Cholmondeley—Lady de Tabley, &c. &c. &c.

The proof impressions of the Plates are published by M. Colnaghi, 23, Cockspur Street.

Early next week will be published, in 1 thick vol. 12mo. price 8*s.* boards,

THE MISSIONARY GAZETTEER;

comprising a Geographical and Statistical Account of the various Stations of the Church London, Moravian, Wesleyan, Baptist, and American Missionary Societies, &c. &c. &c.; with their Progress in Evangelisation and Civilisation.

By the Rev. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

London: Published by Frederick Westley and A. H. Davis, 10, Stationers' Court, and Ave Maria Lane, Booksellers to the London Missionary Society.

GERMAN SPA, BRIGHTON. The Pump-Room is now open for the Season. Hot Mineral Waters—Carlsbad and Ems. Cold ditto—Spa, Pyrmont, Eger, Kreutzbrunnen, Seidschutz, Pulina, Seltzer, &c.

Agents for the sale of the bottled Waters in London, J. and G. Waugh, Chemists, 177, Regent Street; and E. A. Coward, 68, Cheapside; of whom Prospectuses may be had, containing Analyses of the above mineral springs.

"We have particularly examined the apparatus employed in the formation of these artificial mineral waters, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is above all praise. We have had the testimony of some talented physicians at Brighton, touching the efficacy of these waters in various chronic disorders of the viscera, and it is most satisfactory. We have also seen many patients who had derived the greatest advantage from their use. They are highly deserving of the patronage of the profession generally, on account of their own intrinsic good properties, and the superior manner in which they are elaborated, at an enormous expense. In our next Number we shall give some further details of these important auxiliaries to medicine."—*Medico-Chirurgical Review.*

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New Music for the Spanish Guitar.

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This day is published, price 2*s.* 6*d.*

AN ACCOUNT of the grand MUSICAL FESTIVAL held at LEICESTER, September 4th, 5th, and 6th, 1827; with Critical Remarks on the Performers and Performances.

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Edited by his Grandson, the Rev. JOHN HUTCHINSON.

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